

THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

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PORTSMOUTH, N. H. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1902.

PRICE 2 CENTS

ONE BOY KILLED

Train Wreck On Canadian Pacific Down In Maine.

Twelve Passengers Receive Minor Injuries.

Cars Were Filled With Swedes En Route To The West.

Vanceboro, Me., Feb. 10.—The west-bound New England special over the Canadian Pacific railroad was wrecked this afternoon two miles east of Vanceboro. One boy, eleven years old, was killed and twelve others badly injured. The passengers were mostly Swedes on their way to the west.

BOTH LUNGS AFFECTED.

Condition of President's Son Slightly Less Favorable Than Yesterday.

Groton, Mass., Feb. 10.—The condition of Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., was slightly less favorable this morning but not beyond what the physicians were looking for.

The lung with clear was found by the doctors to be affected by the disease, and the respiration and temperature were higher, but the pulse was better.

The physicians state that there is nothing alarming in his condition.

Mrs. Roosevelt, the lady's mother, slept on a cot by his side during the night, while the president who arrived yesterday remained in the home of the Rev. Dr. Gardner, adjoining the school.

Here he was joined at breakfast this morning by Mrs. Roosevelt and a few minutes later both went to visit their sick son.

From the statements of Dr. George B. Shattuck of Boston, who is in especial charge of the case, the disease had not until last night affected but one lung.

THE LATEST FROM GROTON.

Groton, Mass., Feb. 10.—Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., is now ill with double pneumonia. Otherwise his condition remains unchanged. The boy is seriously sick, but it is too early to say what his chances of recovery will be. The crisis is expected either today or tomorrow. Dr. Alexander Landert, the Roosevelt family physician, arrived from New York tonight and will remain to attend the boy. No arrangements have yet been made for the return to Washington of the president.

OLEOMARGARINE IN WASHINGTON.

Washington, Feb. 10.—The general debate on the oleomargarine law was closed today. The friends of the bill have decided to offer an amendment to make the ten cent tax apply to oleomargarine which is made in imitation of butter of any shade of yellow.

PHILIPPINE TARIFF BILL.

Washington, Feb. 10.—Throughout nearly the entire session of the senate today the Philippine tariff bill was under consideration. Mr. Turner of Washington concluded his speech on the legal and constitutional basis of the Philippine question. Mr. Teller of Colorado commenced a speech on the pending measure.

WIRELESS STATIONS.

The first of this month four capitalists lease rights for ten wireless telegraph stations in Maine, New Hampshire and Massachusetts and they will proceed immediately to establish them. The builders of the stations at Gloucester and Salem are under contract to have them completed Feb. 5.

ANOTHER CASHIER HAS GONE WRONG.

Detroit, Feb. 10.—Frank G. Andrews was placed under arrest late this afternoon charged with taking money from the City Savings bank without the authorization of the directors.

DIED IN BROOKLYN.

Word has been received in this city of the death in Brooklyn, N. Y., on January 27 from pneumonia of Gertrude Boebe, widow of Alonzo Boebe and daughter of the late Franklin Greenleaf, formerly of Portsmouth.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

GREENLEAF WILL HANG.

Sentenced To Be Confined In State Prison Until Feb. 13, 1903, When He Will Be Executed.

Laconia, Feb. 10.—The last scene in the trial of George H. Greenleaf, the convicted murderer of Mrs. Nancy J. Folsom, was enacted here today, when the court, which has been sitting for the past week, pronounced sentence upon the prisoner, stating that, in pursuance of the law governing such cases, Greenleaf should be confined to the state prison at Concord until the 13th day of February, 1903, on which day, between the hours of ten a. m. and two p. m., he should be hanged by the neck until dead. The sentence was pronounced after a discussion of certain phases of the case with the prisoner's attorneys had taken place, and upon the dismissal of the court Greenleaf was taken to Concord by Sheriff Locke. The convicted man showed no signs of physical weakness outside of a slight pallor, probably caused by a loss of sleep. He remained almost unmoved during the reading of the sentence, and the only time he evinced any desire to speak was when the court asked if he had anything to say. In a firm and clear voice Greenleaf replied, "I am an innocent man; I am not guilty." His attorney, Mr. Martin, told the court that he contemplated no further steps, other than the exceptions which he had previously taken, and which he promised the court he would file in thirty days. Before departing for Concord Greenleaf held a short conversation with friends, among whom were two sisters.

LENTEN REGULATIONS.

Rules to Be Observed By the Faithful During the Holy Season.

The following are the regulations for the Holy season of Lent:

1. All the days of Lent are fast days of obligation.

2. The following dispensations are granted for this season, by the authority of the Holy See:

1. The use of flesh meat is allowed during Lent, once a day, on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, the second and last Saturday excepted.

2. Lard and fat, rendered from any kind of meat, may be used in preparing permitted food.

3. A small quantity of bread, about two ounces, together with a cup of tea, coffee or chocolate, is permitted in the morning.

4. A collation not exceeding the fourth part of an ordinary meal, or about eight ounces, is allowed in the evening.

5. The use of eggs, butter, cheese and milk is permitted in the evening collation and also at the principal meal on the days on which the use of flesh meat is forbidden.

6. The principal meal may be taken in the evening, and the collation in the morning, should circumstances so require.

7. The use of flesh meat and fish at the same meal is not allowed, even on Sundays.

8. On Sundays there is neither fasting or abstinence.

9. Persons exempt from fasting are permitted to use flesh meat more than once, on days on which the use of flesh meat is allowed.

10. The following persons are exempt from fasting, but not from abstinence, viz:

1. All under 21 years of age and those of advanced age.

2. The sick and those who cannot fast without great injury to their health.

3. Women during pregnancy or while nursing infants.

4. All those whose duties are of a very laboring or exhausting nature.

By virtue of the indulgence of the Holy See, of March 15, 1895, working people of Holy Communion are allowed the use of flesh meat once a day, in the diocese, on all days of this year, except Fridays, Ash Wednesday, Wednesday and Saturday in Holy week, and the vigil of Christmas. Those who avail themselves of this dispensation are exhorted to perform some act of mortification, such as abstaining from intoxicating drinks, etc.

The time for fulfilling the Easter precept of Holy Communion extends from the first Sunday in Lent, Feb. 16, to Trinity Sunday, May 25.

The reverend pastors are requested to give the faithful more than ordinary opportunities for approaching the sacraments, to have frequent instructions on the great truths of salvation and to have the customary Lenten services, where it is possible, on at least two evenings of each week.

SHOCKING DISCOVERY.

Dead Body of An Infant Found In A Field Wrapped In A Newspaper.

Haverhill, Feb. 10.—A shocking discovery was made late this afternoon by two boys who found the body of an infant about one month old wrapped in a newspaper in a field on the outskirts of the city. On the throat were marks which the medical examiner thinks caused the death of the infant by strangulation. A thorough investigation will be made.

WHAT THE NEW NAVY COST.

Washington, Feb. 10.—The new navy has cost the United States in round numbers \$93,928 for construction and \$9,243,225 for repairs on completed vessels. The secretary of the navy forwarded these figures to the senate today.

DEATH OF MISS SHAW.

Rev. Charles D. Reynolds Speaks Thereon.

Inquires The Reason Of The Publicity Given The Case.

"Called for Christian Science Treatment—Knew What She Was Calling For."

Manchester, Feb. 10.—Rev. Charles D. Reynolds, first reader of the First church of Christ, Scientist, of this city, has the following to say with reference to the death of Miss Hannah Shaw at Portsmouth, which has attracted a great deal of attention and comment throughout New England: "About seven years ago Miss Shaw began the study of Christian Science. She had always been a frail woman, relying upon physicians and medicine. From the study of Christian Science she derived such spiritual, mental and physical benefits that she from that time on felt better and safer under Christian Science than under medicine, consequently she abandoned medicine and relied wholly upon Christian Science, firmly concluding from her experience that she would have better under science than medicine. Why should there be given so much publicity to the death of Miss Shaw? What is the reason that there should be so much made of this case? Why should it be thought such a great thing that a woman of seventy, with inherited weak lungs, should succumb to an attack of double pneumonia? Have not thousands of strong men and women passed away because of the same dread disease? Does the fact that this woman passed out under Christian Science treatment make death different from death under medicine? Wherein lies the difference? Miss Shaw and also her sister, who lived in the same house, were led to believe in God, and trusted in the power of God to heal through prayer. Is it that which makes this case peculiar? Was it her reliance upon religion rather than medicine that constitutes the offense? Miss Shaw called for Christian Science treatment and knew what she was calling for. The fact is that she was made comfortable and free from suffering to the day of her death. Christian Science is the practice or application of religion. It is based on the knowledge of God which Jesus taught and applied to the healing of sickness and sin. Our religion is a matter of conscience, protected by the constitutional rights of the state and nation. Christian Scientists feel certain that when their teachings and works are understood they will receive proper recognition. Christian Scientists believe that Christian Science is not opposed. The opposition is merely a misconception as to what this science is, and a lack of information or unwillingness to acknowledge the good it is doing and can do for mankind. As for Miss White, the healer who figures in this case, it is sufficient to say that this is the first case she has lost in her practice in three and one-half years during which she has been in Christian Science work."

STATE POLICE NOT WANTED.

The people of New Hampshire are advised by several of the newspapers of Massachusetts, and it is undoubtedly good advice—at any rate it costs nothing—that they have no use for a state police force. It is intimated that better results may be obtained by increasing the efficiency of town and city systems and a hint is given which New Hampshire people will take kindly, that the scheme is an invention to fasten a few more paying jobs upon the state for gentlemen who are out of business and still have a pull.

The Press has several times remarked practically the same thing. The state has no use for such a force. Besides this it is a pretty clear fact, when taking into account the decrease in revenue from the state treasury as an offset to the tax levied on towns and cities, that the people have about all the burden they can stand up under and still travel from instead of to the poorhouse. The absolute truth is the state is not in need of any more protection from officers. It has no use for any more, not even to hunt small boys who have a penchant or fishing though the ice.—Nashua Press.

HIS BODY FOUND IN THE SNOW.

City Physician Locke of this city has received the sad tidings of the death of a thirteen-year-old cousin, Grover F. Locke, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Locke, who perished in a blizzard near his home at Huntington, Oregon, Jan. 31. The boy started out on a beautiful day to visit a ranch twelve miles from his home and was overtaken by a blizzard on his way back. His horse refused to face the storm and leaving the animal he wandered on through the snow until he fell exhausted about four miles from the house where the anxious parents were awaiting him. His body was found frozen in the snow the next day.

BROWN'S IN TOWN.

An unended laugh is the way the management of Brown's in Town describes the newest farce comedy which will be the attraction at Music hall next Thursday evening. It is replete with humorous complications and is said to brim over with witty thrusts and a choice selection of catchy musical numbers. The action of the farce all takes place one summer's day in the country home of a man supposed to be Mr. Brown but in reality is the young hero. The



BROWN'S IN TOWN.

plot hinges on the desire of a young man who marries at the age of twenty-three against the wishes of his father, and takes his bride to a country place to conduct a scheme whereby he can break the news to his irate dad. He wishes to be alone, but his friends and relatives happen in and in trying to keep his marriage a secret, causes quite a number of complications, to arise. Three acts are used in which to tell the story, the first being morning, the second afternoon and the third night.

ORGANIZED IN KITTERY.

The following companies were organized in Kittery during the past week:

International Bureau of Information—Capital stock, \$100,000, publishing weekly to advise on mechanical construction, finance and commerce. Promoters, Horace Mitchell, N. K. Howe, Kittery; A. M. Meloon, New Castle, N. H.

Maize Investment Co.—Capital stock, \$1,000,000, stocks, bonds, notes and other securities. Promoters, E. L. Chaney, F. L. Dangs, Hiram Thompson, Kittery.

Thermograde Valve Co.—Capital stock, \$10,000, steam valves and traps, heat controllers, etc. Promoters, Hiram Thompson, E. L. Chaney, Kittery; Joseph L. Brindley, Syracuse, N. Y.

Woodbury Paint Co.—Capital stock \$150,000, paints and staining substances. Promoters, F. A. Osborn, Boston; H. B. Thompson, Arlington; G. G. Woodbury, Worcester.

Keystone Crude Oil Co.—Capital stock \$500,000, producing oil from natural well, owning and operating mines, etc. Promoters, Horace Mitchell, A. J. Grace, B. F. Bunker, N. K. Howe, Kittery; A. M. Meloon, New Castle, N. H.

Organized in Kittery February 10, at the office of Charles C. Smith, the Federal Tool and Light company, capitalized at \$500,000 to do a general manufacturing, engineering and trading business. President, Charles C. Smith; treasurer, W. T. Huellin.

GREAT VARIETY IN THE NEW RIBBONS.

The new ribbons are so varied in price and design that there is almost an embarrassment of riches from which to choose. Striped Louisiana, one of the most effective, is found in the shops in ten bright, light and dark blue and other popular shades. The sash widths cost seventy-five cents a yard.

A smart ribbon of the season is the satin stripe canvas which is especially smart as a hat trimming. The canvas weave is in squares and oblongs against a colored background. Just now this pattern sells at ninety-five cents a yard for a generous width.

The annual meeting of the Eclectic Benevolent society, for the choice of officers and the transaction of such other business as may legally come before it, will be held on Saturday, the 22d day of February, 1902, at four o'clock p. m., at the house of Mrs. Emil Richter on Middle street.

ANNIE M. COGSWELL, Sec. Portsmouth, N. H., Feb. 11th, 1902.

POLICE NEWS.

The police slate last evening bore the names of one drunk, one for using profane language, one for assault and one for truancy.

William Marshall, who was tried in police court on Monday for being drunk and breaking glass will be taken to Brentwood this morning to work out his fine.



For the Little Ones

Be Careful In the use of Cough Medicines for Children's Coughs and Colds.

Many analyses of cheap cough mixtures and cough and throat lozenges have clearly proven that a large proportion of them contain opiates.

The temporary relief which these cheap medicines often give in coughs and colds, especially with the little children, is because the opiate, by destroying the nerve sensation, the irritation in the throat, which causes the cough, is temporarily removed, but the real cause of the cold is not in any way removed by the opiate and will promptly return.

The best thing to use to remove the catarrhal secretion which causes the cold, the hoarseness and irritating cough, is a new preparation composed of antiseptics like Eucalyptol, Red Gum of Eucalyptus tree, Blood Root, etc., under name of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, which contain no opiate, cocaine or poisonous drug of any sort.

A mother living in Charleston, Mass., the happy possessor of four children, writes: "Every fall and winter I have laid in a stock of cough medicines, croup mixtures, and throat remedies for my little children, for somehow or other they never seemed to be free from colds, croup or sore throat."

"This fall I made a change in the usual program. I had myself been cured of an obstinate catarrh, from which I had suffered for years, by Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, and as they were pleasant to take I determined to try them with my children. Our family physician told me he knew them to be perfectly safe and nothing better could be taken. So I gave them to the children and have continued to do so ever since, whenever there is the least sign of croup or sore throat, and I no longer dread the approach of cold weather as I once did."

"Stuart's Catarrh Tablets not only cured me of chronic nasal and throat catarrh, but

they have saved me many an anxious night with my little ones."

Mr. A. R. Fernbank of Columbus, Ohio, says: "I suffered so many winters from Catarrh that I took it as a matter of course, and that nothing would cure it except a change of climate, which my business affairs would not permit me to take."

"My nostrils were almost always clogged up, and I had to breathe through the mouth, causing an inflamed, irritated throat. The thought of eating breakfast often nauseated me and the catarrh gradually getting into my stomach, took away my appetite and digestion."

"My druggist advised me to try a 50 cent box of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, because he said he had so many customers who had been cured of catarrh by the use of these tablets, and he felt he could honestly recommend them. I took his advice and used several boxes with results that surprised and delighted me."

"I always keep a box of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets in the house and the whole family use them freely on the first appearance of a cough or cold in the head."

"With our children we think there is nothing so safe and reliable as Stuart's Catarrh Tablets to ward off croup and colds, and with older people I have known of cases where the hearing had been seriously impaired by chronic catarrh cured entirely by this new remedy."

People who have used sprays, inhalers, salves, and washes for catarrh and have found how useless they are, will be agreeably surprised at the results following the use of a pleasant internal remedy in tablet form. Druggists everywhere admit that Stuart's Tablets, which they sell at 50 cents per package, is the safest, most effective and popular of all catarrh remedies.

OGUNQUIT.

Ogunquit, Me., Feb. 10. The Methodist society are to hold a supper in the hall on Wednesday evening, Feb. 12. It will be called a "C" supper and will consist of chicken and other articles of food that commence with the letter C.

Horton T. Littlefield was telephoned for to return to Boston to lay brick after he had been home one week. He went to Boston Feb. 3d.

Mr. Edward Jacobs formerly of Ogunquit, now of Somerville, Mass., returned to his home Thursday after a week's visit with relatives and friends at Ogunquit.

Rev. N. J. Riddon returned from Gorham, Me., on Wednesday. Mrs. Riddon returned Thursday accompanied by her sister, who will reside with Mr. and Mrs. Riddon this winter.

LIQUORS ARE DENIED HIM.

Portland, Me., Feb. 11.—Recorder Whelden of the municipal court has denied the claim of Frederick Brown, driver of the Portland & Portsmouth Express company's delivery wagon, for the liquors seized from the company's office, and to which seizure former Alderman Edgar E. Rounds and Edward A. Conley were convicted. The claimant has appealed from the recorder's order for the liquors to be spilled.

A WARNING.

To feel tired after exertion is one thing; to feel tired before is another. Don't say the latter is laziness—it isn't; but it's a sign that the system lacks vitality, is running down, and needs the tonic effect of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

It's a warning, too—and sufferers should begin taking Hood's at once. Buy a bottle today.

PRESENTATION.

William A. O'Neill who was recently appointed acting carpenter in the navy on Monday noon was presented by his former shipmates in the construction department with a handsome gold watch and chain suitably inscribed. James Goodrich made the presentation speech and the recipient responded in a few well chosen words. Mr. O'Neill was very popular at the navy yard and will be greatly missed.

BOSTON & MAINE EARNINGS.

The Boston & Maine railroad reports for the quarter ended Dec. 31, 1901, and the six months, the first half of the current fiscal year, showing results varying but little from the preceding year in the same periods. Operating cost increased more than gross earnings, but the dividend balance of the half year is but \$3,521 less than in the same period last year.

CHOIR MUSICALS.

The Court street choir is to give a musical at the church vestry on the evening of Feb. 25. The cantata, The Village Blacksmith, is to be one of the features of the evening. The choir is busy rehearsing the music.

The Value of Good Roads.

Good roads, like good streets, make habitation along them most desirable. They economize time and force in transportation of products, reduce wear and tear on horses, harness and vehicles and enhance the market value of real estate. They raise the value of farm lands and farm products and tend to beautify the country through which they pass. They facilitate rural mail delivery and are a potent aid to education, religion and sociability. Charles Sumner once said, "The road and the schoolmaster are the two most important agents in advancing civilization."

Glass Street In Paris.

There has just been opened to the public of Paris a new street paved with blocks made by a new glass process. Contrary to the expectation of many, it affords an excellent foothold and promises to be without dust and not absorb waste. By the process the inventor is enabled to use all kinds of glass debris.

Nerdie Lots of Ink.

"Now, Charles, let us make out a list of your debts."

"One moment, dear uncle, till I have filled up your inkstand."—London Tit-Bits.

The Lesser Evil.

John—Here, Maria, I'll sing to the baby while you dress.

Maria—No; let him cry.—Boston Herald.

A Tough Negro.

Stories of brute toughness and heroic endurance are tenderly preserved in the folklore of the water front—how, for instance, Scipio Flanagan, "the biggest nigger in the business," supported the entire weight of an immense packing case, weighing upward of 1,800, on his prostrate body. The negro held the hand truck to receive the case, which in the hands of half a dozen men was being balanced at just the right angle to slip into place. But it hit the edge of the truck and knocked it away, and the negro unluckily lost his footing and fell flat with the great box on top of him. He shrieked in terror and groaned, it was said, like a siren whistle, but when a gang of fifteen men lifted the thing bodily and pulled him out all he did was to screw his fists into his eyes like a big child, stretch his long limbs grotesquely and return to work. Of course he talked about this feat for many a day.—Frank Leslie's Monthly.

Old Delusions.

It is inexplicable how the old delusion that a man cannot eat one quail a day for thirty days holds its own. Any man can eat one quail a day for thirty days. At Lawrence one year ago Will Upton ate two quails a day for more than thirty days. For the first week or two he starved himself with the idea that he must keep up an appetite. After that he sometimes ate three or four of the birds in a day.

Another old and on the public is the belief that a horse cannot pull a sack of sand at the end of a two hundred foot rope. Any cow pony in Kansas will go off on a rope with such a sack.—Kansas City Journal.

Dirty Cakes.

For making coffee a drip coffeepot is best, as with this the water can be poured through the coffee as often as necessary to acquire the desired strength without allowing the grounds to soak in the liquid. Keep the coffee hot, but do not let it boil.

Twice Buried.

A Lisbon lady was being buried when a cry from the coffin disclosed the fact that she was still alive. Five hours afterward she died from fright.

WHEN THE DERBY WAS RUN

By Curran Richard Greenley
Copyright, 1901,
By Curran Richard Greenley

"Yassir, dey hab't nuthin' his ekal dis side ob greased lightnin' ef he want ter go, but"—Jim leaned over confidentially—"he's de debil's own foh tempel, en I'm mighty feared he gwine ter bolt, what wid all dem brass baw's en shoutin's, en ef he do dey hab't nobody kin hol' him, lessen it be Miss Jess, en she hab't in dat game nowise."

Jim sighed apprehensively as he rubbed down the satin coat of the favorite—clean limbed, dark bay, an aristocrat of the aristocrats, breeding in every line of the arching neck, deep chest and mighty limbs, true son of the great Hindoo. The eyes showed a wicked little rim of white.

"See dem eyes, Mas' Charley? He been a-showin' dem whites all day, en it's Gawd's truf dat hab't no peace flag. Lawd he'd be niggah what's gwine ter ride him!"

I left the stalls and started up toward the judges' stand, considerably worried. It was only "niggah talk," true, but Jim knew the Bay Prince better than any one on the place. He did not know that on this race depended the old squire's home, and if lost it would mean beggary.

I shut my eyes, and it all came before me—the rolling, golden splendor of the wheatfields, the cool shadows of the beechen boughs across the long avenue that led up to the quaint old home, with its colonial pillared verandas, and the graystone walls where the guelder roses climbed and the thrushes sang through the summer days; the old squire, white haired and stately, and the little figure that always hovered close to his side, my Jess, my wife to be, somewhere in the future.

Losses, debts, mortgages, one by one had accumulated, until the hour had come when the flower of Bel Air stables must either prove their salvation or their ruin. He had always been a wicked coit, vouchsafing his friendship to none but Jess, whom he would follow like a dog. It has passed into tradition how one sultry afternoon, when the temper of man and beast



—HIS FINE EARS ALERT, STILL AS CARVED BRONZE.

climbed with the mercury, the devil in Bay Prince broke out rampant. The stall flew into bits as those mighty heels thrashed to the right and left; down came the door, and he was free to work his will.

The men scrambled wildly to places of safety, each shouting orders to the other. Little Pete, the satellite of Jim, had been stealing a nap in the corner of the barn, and when the alarm came no one thought of him until the raging beast swept toward the spot where he lay. A prolonged cry went up from the negroes as, powerless to reach the child, they saw him seized by the shoulder and swung upward, and then, from somewhere, came a clear, low whistle, sweet as a thrush's note. The horse paused, his fine ears alert, still as carved bronze. Again it came, and the terrified negroes saw the little mistress standing in the doorway.

"Prince, Prince, drop him and come here, sir." And to the astonishment of Pete, whom terror had stricken to silence, he was dropped to the floor with a dull thud, and Bay Prince walked, gently nickering, to where Jess stood, with her hands full of sugar.

I looked toward the grand stand, but could not see Jess anywhere. It was almost time for the race, and the excitement was rising to fever heat. Up in the judges' stand a little knot of men were holding an animated discussion, judging from their gestures. I strolled up to them.

"I say it is against all precedent!" a short man in a checked suit was vociferating.

"It makes no difference about his name. How do you know if any of them own the names they carry?" said another, and old Colonel Sylvester clinched the subject.

"It is merely a matter of pounds. We know the horse and the owner. Let him ride!"

"What is it all about?" I questioned, and the colonel replied.

"Squire Montgomery's jockey has disappeared. He was to have ridden Bay Prince in this race. There is a boy down there that claims he knows the horse, but he will not give his name. There has been some little objection therefore to allowing him the

mount." He turned to the others. "Haps I your consent, gentlemen?"

At the word he waved his hand, and the boy at the weighing block picked up his saddle and stepped on the scales.

Ten minutes later they were in line below the stand—sorel and bay, chestnut and gray; but, peerless among them all, the son of Hindoo fretted and pawed, rolling his eyes, that now showed the "batlleag" more than ever. His foes were worthy of his best stride—Zingara, the red mare, queen of the Blackman stables; Fleur-de-lis of Bannockburn, with the honors of the Tennessee Derby still fresh; Black Rover, Walpurgis, The Thunderer, Malcontent and His Highness, a great red brute from the famous Chantou stud.

Quiverag, electric, with the scent of battle in their flaring nostrils, as the terse muscles rose and fell in great cords in the mighty flanks! The gorgeous little figures sitting low down in the saddles settled themselves as the red flag fell. "Go!" and away down the stretch flew a prism of red, yellow, green and purple, blending in the Kentucky sunlight, around the white ribbon of track. The first quarter passed, and the bunch closed up, neck and neck, shoulder to shoulder. Another quarter and one fell behind. Black Rover was in the lead. Around the turn and down the home stretch and Bay Prince had crept to Black Rover's shoulder. Now it was neck and neck, and a wild yell went up from 5,000 throats as black and bay were nose and nose. Twenty yards, and the red jacket lay down in the saddle. They were near enough for the judges to see the dash of the great bay's eyes as he gathered himself and with a mighty effort leaped under the wire just a nose length ahead of the black. And then pandemonium broke loose. Men clambered down from everywhere. Up went the numbers—Bay Prince first, Black Rover second and Zingara third. It was all over, and the Derby had gone down into history. In the midst of it a little figure all in his gay scarlet satias dropped from the saddle and was half carried by Jim to the weighing block.

"You go way, Mas' Charley. Dis heah boy ain't no fitten ter talk." Jim had for once forgotten his "niggah" in his anxiety to bar me out, but I brushed him aside and saw my Jess in her close taylor suit standing just inside the door. The scarlet jacket and cap lay upon Jim's cot, and my darling's pretty face rivaled them in color. There was one shamefaced moment, and then the little head went proudly up.

"I did it for papa and Bel Air!" And Jim went off chuckling to himself as I drew the door close behind me.

A SOUND FINANCIAL BILL.

House Gold and Silver Parity Bill Is a Necessary Measure.

The house committee on coinage has agreed upon a bill for the maintenance of the parity between gold and silver. It is intended to close up the hole left in the gold standard act of 1900 under which a secretary of the treasury could force the country to a silver basis in spite of the intention of the law.

The present bill provides that the secretary of the treasury shall maintain at all times at parity with gold the legal tender silver dollars that are outstanding, and to that end he is directed to exchange gold for legal tender dollars when presented to the treasury in sums of \$5 or any multiple thereof.

Of course, so long as we had such secretaries as John G. Carlisle or Lyman J. Gage, this exchange would have been made under the general law that the two metals shall be kept at a parity, but under a secretary such as Bryan would have appointed it would not have been done for the reason that no direction was given as to how the parity was to be maintained.

With the passage of this bill the great work of establishing the gold standard on a lasting foundation will be accomplished, and congress can then turn to the subject of banking and currency and place it on an equally safe basis.

SENATOR EARLE'S SCHEME.

How He Would Secure Good Roads in This Country.

The unique figure in the "good roads world" is State Senator Earle of Detroit. He was at one time, connected with the department of good roads inquiries at Washington as an expert, which office he was obliged to relinquish upon his election to the senate. He has a scheme which if put into practice would soon bring the millennial dawn of good roads, says the Philadelphia North American. In explaining his scheme he said:

"First, I would have the government make good road maps of each county in the United States, showing all the public highways. I would have bad roads printed in red, fairly good ones in blue and the improved roads in black. These would be published in pocket form and sold for 5 cents each at all postoffices. This would in effect compel every farmer to see to it that his road was improved, for he would soon see the advantage of having his farm located on one of the improved roads."

"Second, I would levy a tax of 50 cents a year on every vehicle in the land. This alone would yield an annual revenue of several millions. It would furnish all the funds necessary for the purpose. The tax would be a trifle and would be cheerfully paid by most people so long as it was to be devoted to the betterment of highways."

Canadian Roads.

In the cities and towns throughout Canada asphalt and vitrified brick have been adopted as the standard pavements, macadam on the leading county highways and gravel for the minor roads.

The Birth of the Cicada.

Even when warm weather comes again and other cicadas sling gayly from their trees the subterranean exile remains within the ground, daily growing larger and stronger until a second winter has come and gone. Then a stranger restlessness possesses him, and, burrowing steadily upward, he at last emerges from his long retirement on some warm, moist August morning. A rough, horny, earth colored creature he is, with strong hooked feet and bulky body. Clumsy he is also, and, staggering along, he gropes blindly about for some perpendicular object, up which he laboriously begins to climb.

Presently a slight quiver shakes his form, and a little crack opens a-down his back. It seems almost as if his unwonted exertions had actually burst his horny shell as the gaping wound reveals a mass of damp material within. Slowly the split widens, and a broad and massive head equipped with two great shining eyes pushes upward through the opening, and we realize that the birth of a cicada is taking place.—Frank Leslie's Monthly.

Cut Both Ways.

A farmer's boy in Scotland was charged with attempting to steal an article from a shop door. In pleading his case he said he didn't steal the thing—"he was only gann the dace it."

Whereupon the judge informed him that to do it and going to do it were all the same and that he would have to pay a fine of 10 shillings or go to jail for ten days.

The boy, not having the money, was allowed to go and get it from a friend. In a little while he was soon standing in the court, and when asked if he had got the money to pay his fine he answered:

"Na, but I was gann the dace it, and ye said that gann the dace it and dace it were jist the same. I'm thinking you and me'll be aboot clear now."—Pearson's.

Superstitions of Today.

There are villages near the University of Oxford where no notion of medical science has penetrated and where charms are the only recognized cure for disease. A woman who has lately been lecturing in the neighborhood on sanitation found that whooping cough was always treated by spider. The spider was sewed into a piece of muslin and hung on a curtain rod, and the death of the spider meant the end of the cough. Not long ago a child was seized with the illness, and the doctor ordered "poultices on the chest." When he returned, he found that the mother had carefully laid the poultices on the oak chest which stood by the bedside. The remedy appeared to her perfectly natural.

Conscience Stamps.

The postoffice department has a "conscience fund" of its own. Not at all unusual is it for people to use a poorly canceled stamp and then to regret cheating the government out of 2 cents. In order to secure peace of mind the 2 cent culprit will send a good stamp to the department with an anonymous explanation. This stamp is turned over to an official of the files and mails division, who pastes it on a large card and draws a couple of pen marks across it. The effect would be just as good if the repentant canceled the stamp himself.

The Nantucket Dialect.

A family circle in Nantucket was once discussing the use of nautical phrases when the mother said, "Girls, I never use them."

"Yes, thee does, mother."

"Well, watch me and see if I do." Shortly after she said to one of the children, "There, take this and carry it to Cousin Phoebe and tell her that this squares the yards with us, and thee must send, for it is almost schooltime."—Boston Christian Register.

Fill the New Page With Good.

The improvement to come in any life from the "turning of a new leaf" is not to be based upon the turning of the leaf so much as upon the constant and resolute sifting of the new page by dint of unremitting and often strenuous effort. An evil habit is not changed in a moment, but is supplanted by the good which is cultivated into a habit.—Nashville Banner.

German Dolls.

It takes eighty men to make a German doll. Each man makes a small portion of the doll, but it is the same bit all the time, and 1,000 dozen dolls can be made in a day in some of the big factories. After the men finish the body portion of the doll the women's work begins. They paint, dress the dolls and pack them for the market.

How She Knew.

A young lady has just finished playing a selection from "Faust." Old Lady—How nice! I always did like "Home, Sweet Home." Young Lady (with a start)—"Home, Sweet Home?" Old Lady—Yes. Minnie plays it. I can always tell it when she crosses her hands.

His Start.

Ascum—What's that boy of yours doing now? Poppers—He's got a job in the bank, and he's going to be president of that bank some day.

Ascum—Bright, eh?

Poppers—Well, sir, he can sign his name so nobody on earth can make it out.

Worse Than That.

"I am told, sir, that you spoke of me as a common liar."

"Whoever told you that, sir, must have been trying to break it to you gently. I said you were a whole bureau of statistics."—Chicago Tribune.

HORSE LEG IRRIGATION.

Arid Land Made Fertile by the Conservation of Moisture.

"A penny saved is twopenny gained" is an old adage. Many of us who have lived in the semiarid regions have felt our way along carefully until now the conservation of moisture is a well developed fact. W. H. Campbell of Nebraska has given years to careful experiments along these lines.

West of the one-hundredth meridian the rainfall averages about fifteen inches. That is not enough for a crop. It should be thirty inches. How can this be secured? By putting two years' moisture into one crop.—Now comes the process. Take forty acres of land. Early in the spring the ground has a tendency to dry out. Remember the springs in this region are to a large extent rainless. The first thing, put on the disk and follow with the harrow. This seals the earth up airtight.

Allow no weeds to grow, for they are the anarchists of the soil and drain the moisture. Watch a favorable time and plow deep with three or four horses. Have a harrow follow the plow, so the furrows cannot dry out. Then watch carefully. Disk or harrow or both after every rain. Keep the pores closed. Cover the whole with the dust blanket. In the fall the subsoil will have reserve enough to carry a good crop.

Mr. Campbell last summer raised thirty-four bushels of fine winter wheat 150 miles west of the one-hundredth meridian on land where crops had failed fourteen years in succession.

Now we know where we are. We hope our state will do much in the way of tree planting in the dry regions. First the conservation of moisture for two or three years will give a splendid reserve in the subsoil, so that trees can be grown without trouble. I lived under the one-hundredth meridian eight years and had one of the finest places in the state, owing to constant cultivation, especially after every rain.

The dweller of the plains thinks he cannot have a garden. He can. Let him set aside a piece and give it an extra year's rainfall and careful cultivation, and he can succeed.

This system has great advantages over ditch irrigation. The water is more evenly distributed. The expense is much less. Instead of a costly ditch have a good team. Three-fourths of the land under ditch in eastern Colorado is a very uncertain thing, because there is not water enough for the ditches when it is needed, writes C. S. Harrison of Nebraska to American Gardening.

SUGAR BEET PULP.

What It Is and a Possible Improvement of Its Value.

The establishment of beet sugar factories has furnished farmers a new stock food in the shape of beet pulp. This pulp is clean in appearance, almost odorless, very wet and heavy, but readily eaten by all kinds of live stock. As the pulp leaves the factory it passes through a press which removes some of the water, but leaves from eighty-nine to ninety-three pounds of water to each hundred pounds of pulp. In Germany presses have been introduced which reduce the per cent of water to 80. Where each hundred pounds of pulp are made up of ninety pounds of water and ten pounds of dry matter it is evident that a ton of it will have but 200 pounds of dry matter.

By the use of improved presses a pulp can be produced by the factories a hundred pounds of which shall contain but eighty pounds of water, with twenty pounds of dry matter, it is evident that a ton of it will contain 400 pounds of dry matter. In other words, regarding the water as of no value, a ton of the pressed pulp is worth, as far as content of dry matter is concerned, twice as much as a ton of the pulp as found in the piles of the material at the factories in Michigan.

Experiments in this country and abroad have shown conclusively that, while the addition of a succulent food to a ration otherwise made up of dry feeds produces results indicating a value to the succulent food out of all proportion to its content of dry matter, forcing an animal to consume an undue amount of water results in a positive loss. It is therefore to be hoped that ere long the factories upon finding a demand for the pulp as a stock food will so prepare it as to leave in it no greater per cent of water than 80.

At nearly all the Michigan factories the great bulk of the pulp is left to decay where it is dumped by the conveyor. Such a state of things imperils the health of nearby residents and makes the factory a nuisance which the owners must take means to abate. The farmers in the vicinity of the factory are interested in the question whether the pulp is a valuable stock feed, whether it will pay them to haul it to their barns and, finally, how it should be fed to derive from it the greatest possible good.—C. D. Smith.

News and Notes.

New Zealand grows large quantities of seed peas for shipment to other countries.

The "bulk" method of fermenting tobacco has been successfully tried in Pennsylvania and is found to control the black rot.

It takes a long series of experiments to determine with any degree of certainty the value of any new feeding stuff. The results of a single experiment are apt to be misleading.

Many of the Michigan factories handle as high as 600 tons of beets per day, turning out fully 800 tons of pulp. The average campaign is not less than ninety days. It is safe to estimate the annual output of beet pulp in that state with the present thirteen factories as fully 300,000 tons.

FAMOUS COLLEGE GUESTS.

Many Renowned Men Have Preceded Prince Henry at Harvard.

The coming visit of Prince Henry of Germany to Harvard university adds one more to a long list of celebrated visitors. Just before the Revolutionary war the last but one of the royal governors of Massachusetts, Hutchinson, came to Cambridge on a visit which was doubtless intended to fester the more than doubtful loyalty of the students and professors. He was accompanied by a retinue and was welcomed in a speech by Samuel Adams, "the Father of the American Revolution," who had graduated at Harvard in 1740. Even without the presence of Adams the students had already made their choice in the impending Revolution, and, although Governor Hutchinson represented the "king's majesty," George III. was not even mentioned in the exercises.

July 2 of the same year George Washington rode up what was then called "Tory row" in Cambridge and was received with great enthusiasm by the whole college. President Quincy, speaking afterward, said that he looked "like a member of the general court from the rural districts of Massachusetts"—that is, he did not look city bred, but like the simple country gentleman that he admittedly was. The students had given up their own rooms to the soldiers of the American army, and the next day, July 3, 1771, Washington took command of the American army under the old elm that still stands in Cambridge. In 1776 the college conferred upon him the degree of LL. D.

Lafayette was another distinguished visitor. He was received in August, 1824, and was described at the time as being straight and noble, looking fully six feet in stature. Since then there have been a number of famous foreigners who have come to Cambridge to pay their respects to the oldest American university, among them the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, the Count of Turin, a member of the present reigning house of Italy, and, most conspicuous of all, the Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII. The prince was about nineteen years old when he visited Cambridge. His signature is said to be still preserved, scratched on the window pane of a room in one of the older dormitories.

TRANSVAAL WAR LOSSES.

British Casualties Greater Than Whole Boer Army.

The war office at London has just published a summary of the British losses in South Africa. Up to Jan. 31 the total reduction of the forces from death or permanent disability was 27,305 men. The total of the casualties, including surviving wounded, was 32,240 officers and 100,701 men.

The estimated population of the Transvaal at the beginning of the war was 125,000 persons—men, women and children. The population of the Orange Free State was 210,000.

At no time has the strength of the Boer army been estimated by the British at 30,000. Last October the British estimate was 11,000. Last December Botha, commanding the Boer forces, reported to Kruger that he had 24,000 men in the field, and this included those from the Transvaal, Orange Free State and Cape Colony.

It will be noted, therefore, that the Boers have killed or permanently disabled more British soldiers than the Boers had in their whole army, says the New York World. They have, in addition, wounded more or less severely over three times their own fighting strength. One Boer soldier, on an average, has killed one British soldier and wounded from three to four others. The British casualties to officers alone amount numerically to one-fifth of the Boer army.

The number of British killed and wounded since the war began is more than one-third of the entire Boer population of a year ago. Since then many women and children have died in the concentration camps, and it is doubtful if the population of the Boers at this time would reach 225,000, more than 100,000 of whom are now in the concentration camps.

Not included in the casualty list published by the war office are the soldiers who have been sent home because of disability resulting from disease. Last month the war office reported that 61,330 men had been invalided home, but added that the majority had recovered and rejoined their commands.

The war has cost the British government about \$800,000,000 to date.

AN AGUINALDO FLAG.

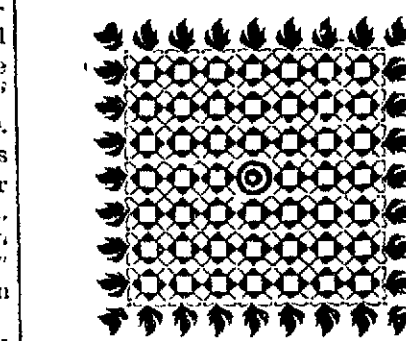
Denison (Tex.) Man Receives One of Singular Design.

Erasmus Farley of Denison, Tex., received a box from the Philippines the other day which contained a flag of Aguinaldo's republic. It is made of a very good quality of bunting and is composed of three colors, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. At the staff end of the flag is a triangular field of white, in the center of which is embroidered in golden floss a human face, resembling the cartoonist's idea of the man in the moon. As if this grotesque face were emitting rays of light, it is surrounded with lines of the golden floss.

The flag comes from Lieutenant F. Denno Tompkins, a son-in-law of Mr. Farley, who is now treasurer of the province of Union, San Fernando, Luzon.

King to Tour Italy on Automobile.

It is announced that the king of Italy will pay a state visit to Sicily in May and that his progress through the island will be made on an automobile. This will be the first occasion on which a monarch has journeyed through his dominions in this manner.



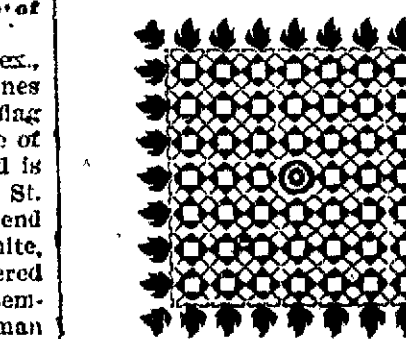
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CHAMP CLARK STORIES

Anecdotes Heard Both on and Off the Stump.

Queer Ways of Introducing Public Speakers—A Left Handed Compliment—One Orator Too Many. Squelching an Irish Interrogator. Concerning an Epitaph—Witty Retort of a Witness—Where One Lawyer Was Better Than Two—Hospitality Explained.

[Copyright, 1902, by Champ Clark.] There are introductions and introductions. In length they vary from one-half minute to an hour. In style from the ridiculous to the sublime, in spirit from the perfunctory to the enthusiastic. Sometimes the introducer contents himself with merely announcing the name of the speaker and his subject, which, I am inclined to believe after much experience, is the ideal form. Again, he will undertake to predict what the speaker will say, which is an unmitigated nuisance. Sometimes he makes the mistake of fancying that the audience has assembled to hear him and lays himself out for a great oration.

An Astonishing Introduction. Hon. Joseph J. Russell of Charleston, Mo., ex-speaker of the state house of representatives and a capital story teller, not long since related to me the following: "When Hon. Marshall Arnold was making his third race for congress, one night he spoke at Sikeston, and Hon. Elias Mills introduced him in this wise: 'Ladies and gentlemen, we have assembled here tonight to listen to the eloquence of our distinguished representative in congress. All sorts of men get there and deport themselves in all sorts of ways. The congressional money bags neglect their duties and put to their time sky-rocketing around Washington seeking the sights, but our congressman, Hon. Marshall Arnold, is always at his post. He sits there, just like a knot on a log, an introduction which convulsed the audience and greatly embarrassed Hon. Marshall Arnold.'

An Effective Short Speech. Some time since in these cloakroom stories I gave samples of powerful short speeches.

Here is one by that prince of orators, Sergeant S. Prentiss of Mississippi, which, though printed before, is well worth printing again. He was once engaged in a political discussion on the stump with a gentleman who was worthy, dull and spoke against time so that Prentiss might speak at a disadvantage. It was nearly dark when Prentiss rose. At the same time a donkey in a neighboring pound began to bray and kept it up until Prentiss' friends were annoyed and his enemies delighted. When the donkey stopped, Prentiss, casting a conical glance at his antagonist, said, "I did not come here today to reply to two equally eloquent speeches!" Then he sat down, and his friends carried him from the stand in their arms.

A Witty Retort. One of the greatest humorists in Missouri is Major Henry A. Newman of Huntsville. He was a brave Confederate soldier and a rough and ready orator of great power. In his speech during the campaign of 1890 he chided "the paramount issue" of imperialism.

The major made a speech at Poplar Bluff, had a magnificent audience and was in fine fettle. He discussed finance and trusts with great effect, lapped the Republicans in great shape and was coming down the home stretch in an easy canter when his serenity was disturbed by a voice inquiring, "How about the Philippines?" The brogue with which the question was put left no doubt as to the nativity of the gentleman seeking information.

The major paid no attention to his interrogator, but proceeded with his speech.

"How about the Philippines?" came again, with an emphasis indicating that the gentleman was not to be ignored. The major's sense of humor came to his relief. With a perfect imitation of the brogue he replied: "My friend, I will tell you about the Philippines. I'll tell you confidentially what I'm in favor of doing with the Philippines. I'd trade the Philippines to Great Britain for Ireland, and then we could raise our own policemen!" which was received with a roar of laughter from the palpitating throng.

An Appreciable Difference.

The dry as dusts can say what they please, but nevertheless and notwithstanding humor is a most valuable adjunct to oratory whether in the court room, on the stump or on the platform. Walter Williams, the brilliant and accomplished editor of the Columbia (Mo.) Herald, the model weekly news paper of America, sometimes rests from his editorial labors by making a speech. Recently to illustrate how differently the trusts affect their owners and the consumers, he told this anecdote: "Out in Kansas a woman died. Her relatives erected a tombstone to her memory, on which they placed the following epitaph: 'Here lies Mary Ann. She has gone to Abraham's bosom.' A way passed that way and wrote this addendum to the epitaph: 'That's good for Mary Ann, but it's devilish tough on Abraham!'"

An Amusing story of how a witness sometimes gets the better of a lawyer is told by Colonel D. P. Dyer on Carly Wells. He was engaged in the trial of a case at St. Charles involving the validity of a will. An old farmer dressed in his homestead jeans was put on the stand as a witness. Wells asked him if

he knew the deceased and his mental condition. "Yes," said the witness; "I know him well. He was a pretty fair farmer, but he would never set the river on fire." This answer angered Wells, and he said to the witness rather petulantly, "Well, sir, what do you mean about never setting the river on fire?"

"Well," said the witness, "suppose some one should ask me, 'Do you know Carly Wells and the condition of his mind?' I would answer by saying, 'Yes, he is a pretty fair lawyer, but he will never set the river on fire.'"

No further question was asked the witness. Congratulations. Shortly after Colonel D. P. Dyer was admitted to the bar in Pike county he was appointed by the court to defend an old fellow by the name of Jones, who was indicted for enticing a slave to leave his master. The feeling in those days against abolitionists was very bitter. The case was tried and submitted to the jury. In a few minutes that body returned a verdict of guilty and assessed the punishment of Jones at two years in the state penitentiary. Johnson Hendrick, an old farmer, heard the verdict and immediately went to Jones and said:

"Mr. Jones, I congratulate you." To which Jones replied, "Sir, I don't think there is anything to be congratulated for."

"Oh, yes," said Hendrick. "If you had had another lawyer like Dyer, you would have gone up for five years instead of two."

Hospitality Explained.

John B. Henderson, formerly a United States senator from Missouri, is a self made man and attained his high position by and through his own indomitable pluck and energy. He began the battle of life poor and friendless, and while he was quite young he was apprenticed, or "bound out," to speak in the vernacular of that day, to a worthy farmer in Lancashire county by the name of Brownling. Mr. Brownling had a son by the name of Arthur, who was about the age of Henderson. The two grew up together until they were eighteen years of age. Henderson began the study of law while engaged in teaching a country school. Arthur remained on the farm of his father.

Henderson was admitted to the bar and began the practice of law in Troy, after his admission he went to Scotland, where he remained for some time. One evening during the term of court he concluded to go out to his old master's to spend the night. Another young lawyer accompanied him. Reaching Brownling's late in the evening, he found the family had eaten supper, and he and his friend were invited to sup. As a part of the supper there was placed before them by Arthur, who waited upon them, a large crock of rich milk, with plenty of cream on top. Henderson and his friend drank all of the milk in the crock, and when they were through Henderson, with a satisfied air, pushed back from the table and in a complimentary way said:

"Arthur, that was very rich milk you gave us. When I lived here, we were required to skim off all the cream before drinking the milk."

Arthur, who had a way of drawing out his words, said "That is true. And on would not have got that rich milk this evening if a rat had not been hounded in it."

Henderson and his friend, needless to say, were not in the best of health at this balance of the night.

Governor W. J. Stone's Story.

"You can't squelch a boy," said Governor Stone. "I have had some rich experiences with boys. At the beginning of my campaign against Warner in 1892 the Kansas City Star published an editorial in which it said that I had not paid my road tax, and the report gained some credence among the Republicans of south Missouri. A short time afterward I spoke during the night at Joplin. I wore torches galore, flambeaux clubs and bands, and I was riding with local notables in a fine carriage drawn by four horses at the head of the procession. In passing close to a high building I noticed between me and the brick wall a ragged and dirty faced boy. He carried a smoking torch in his hand and was running beside the carriage, starting up in my face with a look evidently intended to wither. When I looked he gave a rousing hurrah for Warner, and when I bowed to him he yelled with admirable sarcasm while still running."

"You'd better go home, old boss, and pay your taxes instead of riding around here in four horse carriages. These streets are all paid for. He was reading me a lesson in citizenship. It's a way boys have."

Ma Was a Democrat.

"Warner relates a similar experience to me. He was speaking at a picnic in south Missouri. He was provoked and interrupted several times by an urchin perched in a small tree near by who persisted in crying out in the most offensive manner possible: 'What's the matter with Stone? He's all right!'"

"Warner conceived what he thought a happy idea of making a point on his tormentor, and, turning to the boy in the tree, he said: 'Follow citizens, I don't know, but I will venture the assertion that that boy's daddy is a Democrat—an ideal Missouri Democrat—who sits on a rail fence, chews tobacco, spits and whittles while his crops make themselves, who is dead against everything new and lets his wife do the work.'"

"He thought his remarks would settle the matter; but, to his dismay, the boy in the tree yelled back:

"'You've got the old man sized up about right, cap, but he's a Republican. But ma's all right. Such a Democrat, and she's raised me.' The major whistled, and the crowd laughed, while the boy yelled again: 'What's the matter with Stone? He's all right!'"

CHAMP CLARK.

FRUIT & FLOWERS

PEACH POINTS.

By H. Morrill, the Famous Grower. What a Peach Man Must Know.

Following is only a small part of some terse talk on peach culture given by H. Morrill, the famous fruit grower, before the Illinois society:

The man who can make success of peach growing must love the business. He must understand a few essentials in selecting a location; he must know that elevation means everything to a peach orchard under trying conditions; he must understand the effect of temperatures on plant life and on peach buds particularly; he must know that cold air runs down hill as readily as water; he must know that the buds of the peach do not die as quickly in moving air as they do in still air, as, for instance, they may not kill on the top of a plateau and on the side of a hill, but kill at the lower level; he must know that there must be a proper balance maintained between root and top in the care of his trees.

I spoke about the proper balance between root and top. The balance must be preserved by a careful culture of the soil, without mutilation of the root, at the proper time. The proper time is when growth commences. Begin your culture and hurry it forward, and leap at it. Then cease at a time which you must determine from your own conditions. On my soil, which is not nutritious soil, if a tree is bearing a heavy load, I will carry on that cultivation as long as I can get around that tree, until the branches begin to hang down. If it were a highly nutritious soil, I would stop a bit earlier, but stopping anywhere in the middle of summer would be to put a check on the tree.

I would trim severely any peach tree; I would trim it for symmetry and to throw the balance of power with the root, I would trim it because I get better fruit; I would trim it because it is a method of thinning the peaches; I would thin the fruit of a good crop because the formation of seed is a draft on the tree and debilitates it. It cannot mature a large crop of pits, but it can mature a large crop of peaches. If it is compelled to mature a large crop of pits, it is in a state of semi-exhaustion, and next year perhaps you will hear of the June drop. A tree carefully cultivated, fertilized, thinned and thinned never suffers from June drop, and it will add from five to eight degrees to the acidity of the tree to stand cold weather, and that frequently makes the difference between an immense profit, after a hard, trying winter, and nothing.

Ornamental Japanese Cherry.

Current literature relating to Japan never fails to make mention of the delicate regard with which the flowering cherry is honored in that country.

American Gardening reproduces a photograph showing a flowering branch



THE CHERRY OF JAPAN.

of one of these cherries sent from Tokyo by a Japanese correspondent, who says the cherry is regarded as the queen of all the flowers, the rose and other similarly exalted flowers of the European and American not being accorded any notice. Naturally there are very many forms of cherry. The one shown, known as "Fugen," is very extensively planted. It has double flowers of a bright red color.

Top Working Apples.

Twenty years ago I had about fifty Illinois trees on their own roots beginning to bear, and I also had five trees of Illinois top worked that began to bear about the same time. In 1896 every single one of those Illinois trees on its own roots was dead and gone, but the top worked trees are still there and bearing fruit. A famous tree that was given me fifteen years ago is still bearing. It was top worked. There is abundant evidence to show that we can increase the life of trees by top working.—A. T. Phillips.

Horizontal Lord Wolseley Notes.

Drummond Lord Wolseley, graceful in outline and the drooping habit of its narrow foliage, is somewhat replacing the older form of this flower.

Scions for grafting may be cut any time after the leaves fall till the sap begins to start in spring.

Fruit tree seeds, such as apple, pear, plum and cherry, should be got into the ground as early as possible in the spring.

Cattapaws is a splendid, hardy plant for rich, strong effects. Sow seed the last of March in the open ground.

Sow chrysanthemum seed in a mild hotbed or in the house in March for early flowering plants.

You Taste With Your Throat. The idea that the sense of taste has any connection with the throat appears peculiar at first thought. We have been possessed with the notion that the sense of taste lies in the tongue and the palate. We all speak of a fine palate, and many persons express astonishment that they can enjoy a delicacy as well after having had a plate lifted to their mouths by a dentist as they could before they paid a visit to that clever gentleman.

The sense of taste is not confined to the tongue and the palate, but is more widely distributed. You taste also with the epiglottis, that little valve at the base of the tongue, and the larynx, to which the epiglottis acts as an assistant, also takes part in the process. Concerning the palate, it is noteworthy that we taste with the soft part, which is at the back of the mouth, but not with the hard or front palate. That explains the mystery of the dental plate. The tonsils do nothing for the sense of taste, nor does the uvula.

What the Indian Eats.

The typical Indian home of today consists of a mud chinked log shack, a teepee or two, usually a hay barn and sometimes a corral. As a general rule, they live in equator, yet many Indians possess nice houses and enjoy well cooked meals from neatly set tables. But the ordinary Indian eats meats largely of questionable character. He delights in dog stew and other savory dishes. He has excellent teeth and an envied digestion.

Indian children are shy and close mouthed to strangers, but the squaws are often loquacious. Their doors are always open to visitors. The red man has an aversion for soldiers and frankly tells them that he does not fear them. Although he possesses an excellent constitution, disease finds in the Indian an easy victim.—Detroit Free Press

"Minne Giggie" Falls.

"Some years ago I visited an old friend of mine in Minneapolis," said a well known Milwaukee railroad man, "and he spent considerable time taking me about to show me the many interesting places in that interesting city. One day he took me out to see the famous Minnehaha falls, and after I had feasted my eyes on this beautiful work of nature he invited me to accompany him down the gulch through which the little stream flows—at least half a mile—and there called my attention to a little cascade that is an exact miniature of Minnehaha falls.

"What do you call this cascade?" I asked of my friend.

"We call this Minne Giggie,"—Milwaukee Sentinel.

The Artist and the Critic.

Sidney Cooper, the English artist, happened one day to visit the Royal Academy, where some of his works were on exhibition, while a couple of critics were examining the pictures, strolled up to where they were standing. At that moment the younger of the two critics exclaimed, "Any machine could turn out sheep like that!" Mr. Cooper put his hand in his pocket, produced his card and, handing it to the newspaper man, said, with gravity, "If you will kindly send that machine to this address when completed, I'll send a check for \$1,000 to the institute for deformed dog artists!"

Soup by the Pound.

In China liquids are sold by weight and grain by measure. John boys soup by the pound and cloth by the foot. A Chinaman never puts his name outside his shop, but paints instead a motto or a list of his goods on his vertical sign-board. Some reassuring remark is frequently added, such as "One word guarantee." A child two feet high would not be cheated. Every single article has to be bargained for, and it is usual for the customer to take his own measure and scales with him.

The Heat of Australia.

Australia is the hottest country on record. I have ridden for miles astride the equator, but I have never found heat to compare with this. Out in the country in the dry times there appears to be little more than a sheet of brown paper between you and the lower regions, and the people facetiously say that they have to feed their hens on cracked ice to keep them from laying boiled eggs.—Sydney Telegraph.

Considerate.

Young Husband—Don't you think, darling, that it would spoil the curtains if I should smoke?

Young Wife—You are the best and most considerate husband that ever lived, dear. Of course it would.

Young Husband—Well, then, you'd better take them down.

Censure and Criticism.

Censure and criticism never hurt anybody. If false, they cannot hurt you unless you are wanting in manly character, and if true they show a man his weak points and forearm him against failure and trouble.—Gladstone.

Consoling the Old Lady.

Old Aunt (despondently)—Well, I shall not be a nuisance to you much longer.

Nephew (reassuringly)—Don't talk like that, aunt. You know you will!—Punch.

How He Spelled It.

He—I thought you looked charming last night.

She—Oh, now, did you really?

He—Yes. Why, I could hardly believe it was you.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Height of Politeness.

Cleverton—Since you have been calling on Miss Pinkerly how have her father and mother treated you?

Dunaway—Splendidly. I haven't even met them.—Judge.

WOMEN'S WORLD

MRS. PRIESTMAN.

A Philadelphia Society Woman Who Has Made a Success in Trade.

There is a shop on Walnut street that is unique in trade in Philadelphia. Its director is a woman of high social standing whose love of art prompted her to go into trade and who since she put out her sign has been called in to decorate some of the handsomest homes in this city.

The woman is Mrs. Priestman, and she is the first woman in the city to take up the art of house decorating and by following her profession on the principle of art first and money making second has gained a reputation and success hitherto undreamed of and has raised the work of interior decorating to a fine art.

Mrs. Priestman, herself a woman of refinement and culture, understands perfectly the requirements of her fashionable patrons. She has planned the furnishing and decorating of the homes of some of the most influential and exclusive families in town. She has among her patrons women who are noted for their excellent taste and whose names stand for all that is refined and cultured, who belong to the very oldest families in the country.



MRS. PRIESTMAN.

These society leaders, charming hostesses, who realize that to a great extent the success of entertaining depends on the beautiful and harmonious appearance of their parlors and drawing rooms, rely on Mrs. Priestman to transform empty rooms into boudoirs of beauty and comfort. That she is ever to be depended on and that her success is unending are proved by her fame as an interior decorator.

Mrs. Priestman first studied the art of house decorating in England, and she was the first woman to enter that field in this country. She took up the work out of a pure love of making things beautiful and useful, and she says that in no country are restful homes more necessary than in energetic America, where the people are always on the rush, their nerves constantly strung up to the highest pitch and their brains ever active.—Philadelphia Times.

A Children's Party.

It is a mistake to spend much money on expensive flowers or favors for a children's party, especially if the little folks be under ten. They will appreciate more keenly something that is novel or that they can eat or destroy.

In celebrating a birthday the cake must be the central ornament. Small cake candles are inexpensive and come in all colors. Very pretty are the tiny candle holders in the form of rosebuds, pink or white, and arranged so that they can be securely fastened to the cake. These cost 3 to 5 cents each. The candles should be selected to match the icing of the cake or the flowers used as decoration. Light them just as the little guests are seated at the table. Surround the cake with a wreath of evergreen or fringed tissue or ruffled crepe paper. The evergreen wreath is more decorative with a bow of ribbon to match the candles in color at one side.

Arrange a plate with fork and teaspoon at the right and glass with straw for each child at the top of the plate, a little to the right. Lay a napkin on each plate with a name cookie at the upper side.

The menu at a children's party may include plenty of chopped meat, or chicken sandwiches and a few sweet sandwich bars tied in pairs with narrow ribbon, creamed chicken in paper cases or in shells, cakes, cookies and wafers, bonbons and ice cream. Cut the ice cream in round shape when serving, and it will be just as satisfactory as if molded in fancy forms. For drink serve cocoa with whipped cream on top or lemonade tinted faintly with pink color paste.—Philadelphia Times.

Some Mistakes of Women.

One of the mistakes of women is in not knowing how to eat. If a man is not to be fed when she is, she thinks a cup of tea or anything handy is good enough. If she needs to save money, she does it at the butcher's cost. If she is busy, she will not waste time in eating. If she is unhappy, she goes without food. A man eats if he is at the door, if his work drives, if the undertaker interrupts, and he is right. A woman will choose ice cream instead of beefsteak, and a man will not.

Another of her mistakes is in not knowing how to rest. If she is tired, she may sit down, but she will darn stockings, crochet shawls, embroider dollies.

She doesn't know that hard work

tires. If she is exhausted, she will write letters, figure her accounts, read up for some circle or club. She would laugh at you if you hinted that reading or writing could fall to rest her. All over the country women do hospitals flourish because women do not know how to rest.

Another mistake on the list is their constant worrying. Worry and hurry are their enemies, and yet they hug them to their bosoms. Women cross bridges before they come to them and even build bridges.

Women are not jolly enough. They make too serious a business of life and laugh at its little humors too seldom. Men stop in the midst of perplexities and have a hearty laugh, and it keeps them young. Women cannot, and that is one reason why they fade so early.

Welcome Broom Cure.

Young women who are bemoaning the possession of arms not plump enough to be pleasing may accept the following suggestion, if only on trial. It is said that Clara Louise Kellogg, the singer, when a young girl was much annoyed by the attenuated appearance of her arms when she began to don evening dress at her crowded concerts. Some one recommended a brisk use of the broom, which advice she followed and soon had round, plump arms as the reward of her labor. If a thin, listless girl can by any means be persuaded to try the "broom cure," she will be astonished to find what a beautifier it surely is.

Mending China.

In mending china and bric-a-brac the very best cements will fail unless they are carefully and properly applied. In the first place, make sure that the parts to be joined are perfectly clean and free from grease and grit. The broken edges should be thoroughly washed in a strong solution of lye or soap and care be taken not to touch them with the hands afterward. The cement should be put on very sparingly, and the edges should be held together until it is solid. For this purpose a piece of copper wire is better than string, as it can be tightened by twisting and holds the parts more firmly.

Coffee Sauce.

A coffee sauce offers a good flavor with a mold of any sort of blanching. The coffee is brewed in hot cream. Pour half a pint of boiling hot cream over two tablespoonsful of ground coffee. Cover closely and let stand for about a quarter of an hour; then strain into a saucepan, sweeten and stir in the yolk of an egg and a scant teaspoonful of cornstarch. Let it come to a boil over a medium fire, and when cold add the beaten whites of two eggs and set away to chill thoroughly before serving.

Small Gloves.

Don't squeeze your hands into gloves which are uncomfortably small. By doing this you will be sure to make your hands look pudgy and pudding and will very probably make them red and uncomfortable after the gloves have been taken off. Choose gloves that are long enough in the fingers and which button neatly at the wrist. Take care, however, that they are not too large, for baggy backs, slouchy wrists and wrinkled fingers have a slovenly look which is most unattractive.

Nice Hands.

To keep the hands nice rub over thoroughly with a few drops of pure glycerin, which will remove stains and dirt. Then wash with good toilet soap and tepid water; also have a solution of borax always ready in a bottle, and into the water you are going to wash in pour as much as will soften it. If women would only use this more and make it by dissolving borax in boiling water, they would find it most cleansing and softening.

Linon Closet Shelves.

The shelves or drawers of a linen closet should be neatly covered with white paper that is changed frequently. A few sprigs of lavender or some very mild sachet powder in bags should be laid among the pieces to take away the slight odor of soap that often is noticeable. In using slip under the pile of each article the sheets, cases and towels latest from the laundry. In this way all get the same amount of wear.

A Good Scheme.

To prevent the bedclothes from resting on an injured foot saw a common barrel hoop into two equal parts. Then after crossing one piece over the other and fastening them together in that position cover them with cotton batting or old flannel. Place this in the bed over the foot and the bedclothes over it.

To Ease the Feet.

If when obliged to be on your feet all day you change your shoes several times for a fresh pair, you will be astonished how much it will rest the tired feet. The reason for this is that no two shoes press the foot in the same part.

In washing japanned ware use a sponge dampened in warm water and immediately afterward dry with a soft cloth. Obstinate spots may be removed with sweet oil on a woolen cloth.

Glass covers for platters are better than metal ones. The former retain the heat as well as the latter and have the advantage of being transparent.

It burned milk is put immediately into a jug and then placed in a basin of cold water until it is cool, the burned taste and smell will disappear.

Lard for pastry should be hard, so it can be cut with a knife. It should be cut through the skin, not rubbed.

Useful Hints. A well known Philadelphia society woman said the other day:

"I have come to separate the men of my acquaintance into three classes. There are the dancing men, the dinner men and the corner men, and each has his own place on my list. For instance, I would never think of depending upon dancing men for a dinner. The dancing man is generally callow, and he doesn't know much else besides dancing. On the other hand, the dinner man seldom dances, but he is a good talker, is superbly informed upon the lighter topics of the day—the opera, drama, the latest novels—and can more than hold up his end. He doesn't allow conversation to lag, and consequently he is an important factor at a dinner. Men will accept dinner invitations quicker than invitations of other kinds, but don't think from this that they are all dinner men. Far from it.

"The corner man? Oh, he is the one who has the knack of making himself generally useful and is quite in a class by himself. He looks after the comfort of the chaperones, runs handy little errands and can even be depended upon at afternoon teas. The other men don't think much of him, but he has his own value from the feminine point of view."—Philadelphia Record.

Emperor Honors a Dragon Fly.

The oldest extant poem about a dragon fly is said to have been composed 1,140 years ago by the Emperor Yurika of Japan. One day, while this emperor was hunting, say, the ancient records, a gaddy came and bit his arm. Therewith a dragon fly pounced upon the gaddy and devoured it. Then the emperor commanded his ministers to make an ode in praise of the dragon fly. But as they hesitated how to begin he himself composed a poem in praise of the insect, ending with the words:

Even a creeping insect
Waits upon the great Lord;
Thy form it will bear,
O Yamato, land of the dragon fly!

And in honor of the dragon fly the place of the incident was called Akitsuno, or the moor of the dragon fly.—"A Japanese Miscellany."

When Frogs Are Best.

Frogs' legs are sold in Paris daintily threaded on little willow wands. People buy them for the home table instead of, as is the practice in restaurants, eating them exclusively in restaurants. They make a most palatable broth for invalids and convalescents, but ordinarily the legs are prepared by removing the skin, rolling them in flour, adding salt, pepper and butter, with a pinch of parsley, and cooking them gently in a frying pan or on the griddle. By Parisians it is considered that the frog is best in the fall of the year, when it is fattest and most delicate. However, large numbers of the batrachians are caught in the spring, when they are said to be more easily captured.—Saturday Evening Post.

Thought It Was Bargain Day.

Mr. Clockst had been out walking. He returned home tired and cross. "Just what I might have expected," he whined. "I gave the only 10 cents I had in my pocket to a beggar, and it started to rain, and I had to walk home. Don't ever talk to me about the rewards of Providence."

"And did you suppose Providence would postpone a shower of rain," his wife asked, "because you gave 10 cents to a beggar? You weren't expecting much for your money, were you?"—New York Commercial Advertiser.

An Aristocratic Grain.

Could plants lay claim to aristocratic position, as representing an old family, rice might safely claim to be of the most ancient pedigree. It is the earliest cereal known. Originally a native of India, it has crossed the ocean and made a home for itself where heat and moist soil could be found. It grows in all warm portions of the globe and furnishes the principal food of nearly one-third of the human race.

School Gardens.

Scientific gardening is taught in the national schools of Sweden and in the seminaries for the education of national schoolteachers. There is a school garden in nearly every rural school district in the kingdom. The garden is placed near the schoolhouse, and the children receive practical instruction in the cultivation of plants, berries, flowers, herbs and fruits, the management of both, greenhouses, etc.

A Sidewalk Prescription.

The busy doctor was hurrying down the street when he was stopped by a man noted for his ability to get "sidewalk" advice.

"I am thoroughly worn out and sick and tired. What ought I to take?"

"Take a cab," replied the unfeeling doctor.—New York Times.

Some Remarkable Beliefs.

There are naturalists in this day and age who believe that horseshoes will turn to living snakes, that toads will live for thousands of years in the cavity of a rock without food or water, that the barnacle goose was developed from the shellfish

FARM-FIELD AND GARDEN

A PEANUT CROP.

Very Satisfactory Under Right Conditions—Machine and Hand Labor.

One of the pleasantest and most satisfactory crops in the world for some men is the peanut crop. It is not hard to grow, it is easy on the soil and, one time with another, it yields a good cash return. The drawback to peanut growing is that it requires a good deal of tedious hand labor. Of course the crop pays handsomely for the work, but in the southern and western states, where peanuts are grown, hand labor on the farm is heartily despised. The sulky plow and the self binder furnish the ideal means of crop production there. Light, warm, sandy loam is best for the crop, and, though the



A KANSAS PEANUT FIELD.

plant is not a gross feeder, this soil should be fairly well supplied with plant food.

The crop has to be planted rather late, after all danger of frost is over, and it then requires the whole season to mature. The digging begins the last thing when frost is considered imminent. An average yield under fair culture is fifty bushels of pods to the acre. These bring the grower from 50 cents to \$1 a bushel. The vines are sometimes fed to live stock and make about the same grade of forage as peavine hay. Our illustration of a Kansas peanut field is from a photograph kindly furnished by Professor A. Dickens, Country Gentleman.

POTATO MACHINERY.

Planters, Diggers and Other Implements of Up to Date Culture.

Three different potato planters were tested by the Cornell (N. Y.) station. Two dropped the seed automatically, and the other required the attention of an attendant to place the seed for dropping. The station's report is that none of the planters mentioned is perfect yet all possess valuable features. The automatic droppers, while placing the seed as evenly as it is or directly placed when dropped by hand, should be supplemented by some attachment by means of which an occasional skip may be supplied by the driver. While no attempt is made to draw any conclusions as to the relative merits of the various planters tested, based upon only one season's trial, yet there are some essentials which any potato planter must possess in order to be entirely satisfactory upon all soils. These essentials are—first the furrow for the seed tubers should be opened to any desired depth; second seed pieces must be dropped with absolute regularity, and, third, there must be ability to cover the seed deeply or shallow according to the nature of the soil. In addition there should be simplicity of construction and strength of frame that the necessity for repair may be slight.

In tests of many diggers by the station mentioned none has as yet been found which works satisfactorily upon all occasions. Nearly all are made to dig potatoes which have been given ridged or hill culture and not for potatoes given level tillage. While others work well upon level land, they do not work equally well upon hilly or stony soil. Where potatoes are raised on large areas both potato planters and potato diggers are almost a necessity.

It is advised that in every case they be purchased by the farmer on condition that they do satisfactory work. Not all are equally well adapted to all conditions. Those implements should be selected which seem best adapted to local conditions and needs.

It is probable that one reason why the practice of spraying potatoes has not been more generally adopted is due to the fact that the machinery for the work has not fully met the demands. It is suggested that some enterprising young man in a community could do a good business by investing in a good gasoline engine and a complete spraying outfit for the purpose of spraying all the potatoes of the community. This is now done in many cases in orchard management and could be done with potatoes equally well. The evidence of Cornell is strong in favor of thorough spraying with bordeaux mixture and paris green.

The potato situation is well summed up by one grower, who remarked, "By the use of the potato planter, the weeder, the harrow, the wheel cultivator and the potato digger I can now grow four acres of potatoes at less expense than I could formerly grow one acre."

Let a man ride through the best dairy districts in New York state after an absence of ten years, and he will be astonished at the number of silos. New ones are being put up every year, and they are changing the character of farming in whole sections, says Rural New Yorker.

GEMS OF JACKSON DAY

Sentiments Expressed by Bryan, Shepard and Hill.

SOUND DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES.

Bryan's Theme Ideas, Not Armies. Edward M. Shepard Points to the Path of Duty—David D. Hill's Condensed Platform—Democratic Enthusiasm at Meetings and Banquets.

William J. Bryan was the guest of honor at the Jackson day banquet at New Haven, Conn., on the evening of Jan. 8. He said in part:

"I like to commune with men who will continue to be Democrats whether it is popular or unpopular. We have spent too much time in the past discussing the financial advantages of questions and not the great underlying moral principle at the bottom of them. I am satisfied that unless we can interest the people of the country in the principles which underlie all problems our cause is lost. The paramount element in civilization is the moral one. You can't find an instance where a great nation has gone down to decay where its moral did not precede its political decay. I deny that it is necessary for a republic to die. I deny that there is any reason why this nation should be less grand and great a thousand years from today than it is now.

"Service is a consoling philosophy. If I were to be obliged to be contented with what the Republicans did for me, I should die of misery. I know of no greater service that we can render to the world than to work out the problems of civilization which come to us.

"There is no justice in taxation. There is no approach to justice as taxation is administered today. No nation can endure perpetual injustice. It is time to modify our taxation system till it equalizes the burdens of government.

"What does imperialism cost? It has cost England the prestige she does not measure in dollars. It has cost her so much that she could have bought every Boer at \$1,000 a head with her war tax. I want this to be a nation which will conquer the world with its ideas, not its arms."

Edward M. Shepard of New York was the chief speaker at the Jackson day banquet of the Maine Democratic club, held in Auburn. Mr. Shepard said in part:

"General Jackson's historian tells us that when he reached New Orleans he seemed 'possessed by a kind of frenzy or fanaticism at the idea of any one invading American territory.' Surely to this supreme doctrine the Democratic party remains loyal, whether as now out of power or when at no distant day it resumes, as surely it will, the privilege to represent the will of the American people and direct the policy of their government. The Maine Democratic club does well to recur not only to that fundamental doctrine, but also to the doctrine of frugal and economic administration, of equal rights of all citizens and of hostility to special privileges, whether under the name of protective tariffs or subsidies or any other name. Those doctrines together make up that heritage which we cherish and of which the hero of New Orleans was so powerful and beloved a defender.

"The president and Republican statesmen tell us that we are more prosperous than ever before, with more wealth on hand than we have ever had and with wealth 'in sight,' as the miners say, which will dwarf the wealth already gathered. The prosperity, as well as that is real as what is seeming, is treated by our political adversaries as the result of their accession to power five years ago, but it is the fruitage of a century and a quarter of Democratic local self government on a vast and unprecedented scale. It has resulted not from armaments or navies or conquests or strong and splendid centralization of power, but from American dislike of unnecessary governmental interference, from American devotion to home rule, from the maintenance of absolute free trade over the vast arena and among the diversified industries of the United States—trade free on a scale and to an extent incomparably beyond anything which the world has ever known—from the profound and religious belief of the American people in the nobility of labor, from their regard for the dignity and rightful power of simple manhood. These are the true causes.

"Never has the Democratic party had a more real or a plainer duty than at this very time, when it is shut out from official power. Its true interests and its return to power depend, I believe, upon the faithful performance of that duty.

"Over and against the president's programme of imperialistic power let us set our programme of a truly great, powerful, peaceful, industrial people."

David B. Hill, who was unable to accept the invitation of the young Democrats to speak at their Jackson day celebration, sent a letter in which he said:

"I give you this sentiment: 'A strict construction of the federal constitution; no entangling alliance with foreign nations; insistence upon the reserved rights of the states; public taxation for public purposes only; opposition to monopolies and dangerous combinations of capital; the preservation of the personal liberty of the citizen; no centralization; home rule for states and municipalities.' These are Democratic principles which survive all defeats and must ultimately triumph."

Throughout the country there were celebrations and banquets, and Democratic sentiment was at high water mark.

CHAMP CLARK STORIES

Danger of Relating Anecdotes on the Stump.

Humorous Tales Told by Public Speakers Must Be Brief and Snappy. What the Old Farmer Had Forgotten—Wit and Sarcasm of Charles B. Landis—Governor Ball's Apt Illustration—Lack of Beauty as Political Capital—His Second Choice.

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Persons who have not experimented with telling anecdotes may not know it, but it is never the less true, that there are at least a score of anecdotes amusing when you read them to where there is one fit to tell in a public speech. The latter class must be short, snappy and to the point. Especially is that true in congress. In that arena many would be humorists fall down by spinning an anecdote out to too great a length. One day Mr. Reeder of Kansas consumed at least ten minutes in elaborating something which he unwisely deemed an anecdote. When he had concluded, Mr. Thayer of Massachusetts very pertinently and innocently inquired, "What is the point to that story?" Reeder's anecdote bored the house, but Thayer's question confused it.

"Ma Left Out."

Once I heard Colonel O. H. Avery, one of my constituents, relate in a public speech the following tip-top anecdote which he declared that he borrowed from some Texas statesman at the Kansas city convention. To illustrate the importance, even the absolute necessity, of incorporating the bi-metallic plank in the Democratic platform Colonel Avery said:

"Near Troy, where I live, resides a prosperous farmer. One evening when he and his wife were coming to town to sell their produce and lay in their family supplies his daughters gave him a written list of articles which they desired he should purchase for them. Arrived in town, he went to a drugstore and drank a bottle of beer, as was his custom. Then he proceeded to buy the things which his daughters had written down in the list. As he bought he checked them on the paper. Having finished that matter, he went to the drugstore and drank another bottle of beer. Then he hit upon his team and started home. On the way he had a very pronounced feeling that he had forgotten something. You have all experienced that feeling and know how it worries you. He racked his brain to discover what it was that he had forgotten without avail. He finally stopped his wagon, unwrapped the various packages of goods and carefully compared them with the list. Everything tallied exactly. He drove on, still possessed with the idea that he had forgotten something. When he reached home, the girls ran out to meet him and were delighted with the articles he had purchased for them. He asked them if all the things were there, and they declared they were. Just then one of them looked at the empty wagon and inquired, 'Pa, where is ma?' 'By Jove,' the old man exclaimed, 'I knew I had forgotten something, and it is you ma!' So," continued the colonel, "when anybody writes a Democratic platform and leaves out bi-metallicism, as sure as you live he has 'forgotten ma,' and we can't get along without her."

"Everything Democratic."

In the debates which I had in 1900 with Hon. Charles B. Landis he did not tell many anecdotes, but he managed to work a good deal of wit, humor and sarcasm into his speeches. One of his favorite passages was this: "In 1892, under Benjamin Harrison, the country reached the high water mark of prosperity. In that year through some strange perversity the people carried the election for the Democrats and elected Grover Cleveland. Immediately everything went Democratic. Horses went Democratic. Mules went Democratic. Cattle, hogs and sheep went Democratic. Wheat, corn, oats, hay and cotton went Democratic. Even the sugar trees in the Wabash valley went Democratic to such an extent that the sap refused to run." And I never saw an audience that bit of extravagant humor and sarcasm did not set to shouting. Landis has a most fetching style of delivery, and his manner had as much to do with the laughter and applause as what he said, perhaps more.

Knowledge of Farming.

In our debates Mr. Landis sometimes hops on to Bryan about turning farmer. He alleged vehemently that he did not know anything about agriculture, and to prove it he said: "A party of politicians visited Mr. Bryan on his farm and found him in company with his hired man pottering about agriculture, and to prove it he said: 'A field of growing grain and said, 'Bill, we will soon have to get into that wheat!' whereupon Bill replied, 'Why, Mr. Bryan, that isn't wheat; that's oats!'"

Governor Ball's Story.

My old law partner, ex-Lieutenant Governor David A. Ball, who was ex-Congressman Alexander Monroe Dockery's opponent in 1900 for the Democratic nomination for governor of Missouri, is a capital story teller on or off the stump. In his speeches to illustrate the absurd predicament in which a gold Democrat would find himself in voting for President McKinley he told this, which never failed to bring down the house: "Up in Pike county there was an old fellow who undertook to commit suicide by hanging himself with a blind bridle. About the time he was going off they cut him down and

rubbed him till he came to. He rubbed his eyes, looked mournfully at his son and said, 'John, if you had let me alone a minute longer I would have been in heaven!' The boy replied: 'Yes; you would have cut a devil of a figure in heaven looking through a blind bridle, wouldn't you?' That's the way a Democrat would look voting the Republican ticket under any circumstances," concluded the governor.

Won on His Looks.

Governor Ball is the only man I ever knew who made political capital out of his lack of beauty. As everybody knows, Governor Dockery is a large, handsome man. The Globe-Democrat some years ago declared that he was "the most pulchritudinous member of the Missouri delegation in congress." Ball is a small, wiry man, not especially handsome, not very ugly. In his speeches he magnifies his ugliness for the humor of the thing. He says: "Not long since I was up at Pleasant Hill campaigning. I didn't know a soul in the town. So I started out to get acquainted. The first man I met was a tall, good looking man. I walked up to him and said: 'Good morning, sir. My name is Ball.' 'Dave Ball?' the stranger asked. 'Yes; Dave Ball of Pike.' 'What! Are you the man who is running for governor?' 'Yes; I am the man.' The tall one looked down on me for a moment and said, 'Well, I'll be everlastingly hornswoggled!' After having relieved himself in that way and recovered from his surprise he took me all over town and introduced me to the entire population."

Dr. Buckner's Question.

It takes a man of infinite good nature and an exquisite sense of the ridiculous to relate an anecdote in public when the point is against himself. This Ball delights to do. In Pike county lives a man of great intellectual brilliancy named Dr. Samuel W. Buckner. He is a brother to Judge A. H. Buckner, who for 12 years represented this district in congress with signal ability. Dr. Buckner is decidedly absent-minded. He and Ball are great cronies. In his stump speeches he relates this ludicrous incident: "One day as Dr. Buckner and I were walking along the street I told him I was thinking of being a candidate for lieutenant governor and asked him what he thought of it. He seemed to take to the idea and said: 'I would advise you to run. The pay is good, the position honorable and the duties light.' Then for several minutes he walked along in a brown study, utterly oblivious to all terrestrial things. At last he stopped and looked me squarely in the face. I asked him what he was studying about. He replied, 'I was just thinking that if you were elected lieutenant governor and the governor happened to die what a devil of a fix the state would be in!'"

Always His Second Choice.

The greatest light for high office ever made by an old man in the history of this world was that of Thomas Hart Benton when he appeared to the people and ran for governor of Missouri in 1856. At the advanced age of 75 he traveled day and night and canvassed the entire state. That was before the days of railroads, and it was a colossal undertaking. The old statesman laid on and spared not. His enemies adopted his tactics and raised him at his own game. They were a multitude. Even men who never dreamed of meeting him in debate took an occasional shot at him at point blank range.

Up in Ralls at that time there lived a man who was as great a character in his way as Benton was in his. He was universally known as "Honest John" Hawkins, and his wit was proverbial throughout his own hallelujah.

One hot day Colonel Benton was speaking to a vast multitude under the trees in the courthouse square at New London. "Honest John" Hawkins was lying on the grass listening. He suddenly rose in the midst of the great ex-censor's speech and at the top of his voice yelled, "Tom Benton has been my second choice for governor of Missouri for 30 years!" Benton stopped and, bowing in the politest manner, said, "May I inquire who is your first choice?" "Any man in the state who can beat Colonel Benton!" shouted "Honest John." To the amazement of the audience, "Honest John" bit the bull's eye that time dead sure pop.

A New Way of Getting Elected.

Impossible as the performance may seem and unprecedented as it undoubtedly was, one Pike county statesman made his calling and election to a coveted office sure by withdrawing from the race to secure it.

In 1882 Judge John A. Mackey, Judge William A. Gunn and Mr. J. D. Pitt were having a red-hot three cornered fight for representative in the legislature. For weeks they made a house to house canvass. One fine morning, to the surprise of all, Judge Gunn announced his retirement from the race. He did this in perfect good faith. There was no trick about it. He had simply grown weary of the contest. All the newspapers came out in double headed editorials praising Judge Gunn to the skies and setting forth in extenso his many admirable qualifications for the place. Some of the editors wrote with glibness glee on the principle of mortuis nil nisi bonum and expected their glowing tributes to the retired statesman to be taken in a Pickwickian sense. But, to their amazement and disgust, the people construed their remarks literally and greatly mourned the loss of the services of so worthy a man. They deluged Judge Gunn with petitions beseeching him to re-enter the race. Now, the judge was always a kind hearted man, and rather than see his dear old mother county of Pike, like Rachel, mourning and refusing to be comforted he yielded gracefully to the inevitable, reannounced his candidacy the succeeding week and, mirabile dictu, walked off with the nomination. He was duly elected and re-elected and served his people faithfully and well.

CRAMP CLARK.

STILL ARE DEMOCRATS

The Unterrified Are but Awaiting the Trumpet Call.

UNFORTUNATE VICTIM OF A PANIC

Had the Republicans Been in Power in 1893 the Story Would Have Been Different—What the Stool of 1870 Accomplished—Revival of an Absurd Prediction.

While the gold Democrats taunt the silver men with failure, the latter retort that they found the party as badly off as they left it. The elections between 1892 and 1896 were quite as extremely adverse to the Democrats under the lead of the gold men as they have been since the party passed into the control of the silver advocates, writes Uncle Dudley in the course of a two column editorial review of the Democratic party's condition in the Boston Globe.

As a matter of fact, no party in power could have withstood such a misfortune as the panic of 1893. In spite of much greater prestige, the Republicans were all but overwhelmed in the elections following the panic of 1893 and were only able to save themselves from a complete disaster by the peculiar southern situation which enabled them to elect Hayes in the presidency despite a million majority for Tilden among the white voters of the country. Had the latter been inaugurated and his administration permitted to reap the benefit of the better times which came before another election which can say how long the Republicans might have been compelled to wait for a return of popular favor?

Some observers boldly declare that there is a reaction against party government which is wider than the bounds of the nation. There are social philosophers who see the near approach of a final breaking up of the party system in Great Britain as well as in the United States.

Whether the great political organizations are to be supplanted by transient and shifting groups, as in France and the continental countries, these prophets, notable among whom is Goldwin Smith, do not venture to say, but they are none the less certain that parties, as we have known them, are to be swept away as useless incumbrances upon the state.

There is, however, a constitutional obstacle which the advocates of this plan must not leave out of their reckoning. It is presented in the electoral college, where in order to succeed a candidate must secure a clear majority of the popular vote in the states having a preponderance of all the electors and receive a clear majority of the electoral votes in the college.

The last contest for the presidency in which party lines were not drawn was in 1821, when the electors were divided into four groups, and the result was a failure to elect any one. The choice, therefore, was thrown to the house of representatives, where John Quincy Adams was elected, an outcome which caused deep and wide spread dissatisfaction.

Since that occasion presidential elections have been a compelling cause of party unification, and all minor differences regularly have been sacrificed to the anxiety for a majority vote in the electoral college.

This is not the first time that the downfall of the party system has been predicted. In the first twenty years of the past century the Democracy was without a rival worthy of its fears, and in 1829 there was no opposition whatever to the reelection of President Monroe.

Nevertheless in the midst of the so-called era of good feeling Thomas Jefferson, the most profound of all American statesmen, did not deceive himself with the idea that partisanship was at an end.

"You are told, indeed," Jefferson wrote to Albert Gallatin, "that there are no longer parties among us; that they are all amalgamated; the lion and the lamb lie down together in peace. Do not believe a word of it. The same parties exist now as ever did."

Events quickly justified this statement when in a few years the country was filled with the strife of parties.

What Jefferson said is as true of the present as of his own times.

If the Democratic party is dead, where have the Democrats gone? It would be safe to challenge any one to name a dozen or even half a dozen representative men in all the country who have renounced the Democratic creed and accepted the Republican in the course of the past few years. A million Democrats or perhaps more united with the Republicans on the gold issue, many never have been other than protectionists, and many have subscribed to the Republican colonial policy, yet it is next to impossible to find a Democrat of standing who is willing to give up the name and confess himself a Republican.

There are as many Democrats in the country as ever there were, all only awaiting the trumpet call of a leader.

True Inwardness of Tariffs.

The theory that the tariff is the result of nature study by experts in congress or out of it for the purpose of distributing benefits equally and that the complete system is so perfect that it cannot be disturbed without serious harm to all its parts is sheer nonsense or sheer trickery. It has no basis in fact. Tariffs are the results of trade and dicker in votes, and, since votes are needed to pass tariffs, there is absolutely no other process available. There is no more principle in the whole business than there is in a mock auction or a policy drawing.—New York Times.

BOWSER IS COWED.

HE HAD THE USUAL SUPPLY OF COMPLAINTS, BUT IS FORESTALLED.

Mr. Bowser Jars the Old Fellow by Showing Him, to His Astonishment, That His Troubles Are the Result of His Own Stupidity.

[Copyright, 1902, by C. B. Lewis.]

MRS. BOWSER knew that she was going to "catch it" while Mr. Bowser was yet afar off. He came along from the street car with a scuff, scuff, and when he reached the gate he gave it a kick that nearly lifted it off its hinges.

He dragged himself up the steps, unlocked the door and then banged it open with his knee. She took his hat and overcoat just in time to save them from being deposited on the floor, and her only remark was in regard to the weather. She saw that he was ready to break loose, but she hoped to put off the climax until after dinner. In



"YOU SEEM TO HAVE SOMETHING ON YOUR MIND."

this she was successful, though she caught him glaring at her across the table several times during the meal, and two or three times he seemed about to break crockery. It was only during the last five minutes at the table that she made up her mind on the course to be pursued, and as they went up stairs and he was making ready to begin a speech she turned on him with:

"Now, then, I want to know what's the matter with you. You seem to have something on your mind."

"Yes, woman, I have something on

my mind," he hoarsely whispered as he nodded his head in a decisive manner. "I have got a good deal on my mind. I have several remarks to make."

"Then let us have them," she said as she sat down. "Begin with No. 1."

"Oh, I'll begin fast enough! Look at my shirt collar, will you? It's a nice thing to have a collar saving your ears off all day long!"

"Well, whose fault is it but yours? You buy your own shirts and collars, and if you don't get a fit no one else is to blame."

"Woman, don't talk that way to me! I must have got a wrong shirt from the laundry, and it was your business to have noticed it."

"You got your own shirts all right, but I'll tell you what you did this morning, and it's the second that you've done it within a year. You dressed in a hurry and didn't take off your nightshirt. I hunted for it all over the room."

"What's that? What's that?" he shouted as he danced around. "Woman, are you telling me that I'm the biggest fool on the face of the earth?"

"You've got your nightshirt on this very minute, and that is what hunches your collar up under your ears. Now let us have complaint No. 2."

Mr. Bowser turned red and white and lavender, and his hair stood up. He believed that Mrs. Bowser was right, and that was bad enough, but her demeanor hurt his feeling. He had to balance on his toes before he could choke down his feelings and observe:

"And perhaps you'll kindly take a look at this vest! When I took it off last night before last, all the buttons were in place and the pockets all right. Look at it now—three buttons missing and the pockets all torn out! You have a nice way of caring for your husband's clothes!"

"The vest belonging to your suit is hanging up stairs," quietly replied Mrs. Bowser. "You rummaged around this morning and got out a vest I was waiting to sell the ragman. If you make such mistakes, you mustn't blame me. We will now listen to complaint No. 3."

"By the horn spoon and the blasted oak, do you think I'll stand this?" he roared as he turned and poured water on the wall. "Woman, let me warn you

not recommended for bruises, and very few people admire it as a perfume. That's about all, isn't it, for tonight?"

He couldn't answer. He was so red in the face and so choked up that there was danger of an explosion.

"And as you have no further complaints to make, and as you probably want to be by yourself for awhile and think things over, I will go up to my room. Should anything else occur to you just call out."

She arose and disappeared up stairs, and it was an hour later when she quietly returned. She found Mr. Bowser lying on the floor with a sofa pillow under his head and fast asleep, and near him the cat lay stretched out and seemingly dead. The "jar" had been too much for them. M. QUAD.

THE "JAR" HAD BEEN TOO MUCH FOR THEM.

The latest report of an accident resulting from clothing being caught in machinery, comes from Dallas, Tex., where a negro employee was whirled rapidly around a shaft for some seconds and then dashed to the floor, receiving fatal injuries. In view of the frequency of accidents of this nature it would seem that ordinary precautions would dictate to persons whose work takes them close to wheels and belts the wearing of clothing made of some flimsy stuff, so that when it was caught it would easily tear instead of dragging the wearer to death or injury.

One of the woman historical novel makers describes her hero as "standing like a piece of marble with his thumb on the trigger of his trusted pistol." Pressing the trigger with the thumb would appear to be a rather awkward and unusual proceeding, but these characters in the modern historical novel can do anything, however absurd or awkward.

LETTERS.

A quick and easy way to change the atmosphere in an invalid's room is to pour some cologne into a soup plate and set fire to it. The spirit will make a pretty flame and impart a delightfully refreshing odor to the air.

LETTERS.

Italians call locusts "little horses," and the German term for these pests is "hay horses."

LETTERS.

Let a man ride through the best dairy districts in New York state after an absence of ten years, and he will be astonished at the number of silos. New ones are being put up every year, and they are changing the character of farming in whole sections, says Rural New Yorker.

TRUSSES

Having all the latest improvements in TRUSSES, combined with the "know how," enables us to guarantee satisfaction. Try us! If we fail to fit you, it costs you nothing.

A full line of
Shoulder Braces
Supporters
AND
Suspensories
Always on hand.

PHILBRICK'S PHARMACY

SPRING DECORATIONS ARE
IN ORDER

now, and we have the latest stock of handsome wall papers, that range in price from 15 cents to \$5 per roll, suitable for any room, and of exquisite colorings and artistic patterns. Only expert workmen are employed by us, and our price for first-class work is as reasonable as our wall papers.

J. H. Gardiner
10 & 12 Daniel St. Portsmouth

ESTABLISHED IN 1872.

C. E. BOYNTON,
BOTTLED OF ALL KINDS OF
Summer Drinks,

Ginger Ale, Lemonade, Root Beer,
Tonic, Vanilla, Orange and Strawberry Beer, Coffee, Chocolate and Soda Water in syphons for hotel and family use. Fountains charged at short notice.

Bottler of Eldredge and Milwaukee Lager, Porter, Refined Cider, Cream and Stock Ale.

ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

A courteous patronage is solicited from former customers and the public in general, and every order will be filled to the order promptly and in a satisfactory manner.

C. E. Boynton
16 Bow Street Portsmouth

Gray & Prime
DELIVER
COAL
IN BAGS!

NO DUST NO NOISE

111 Market St. Telephone 24.

GEORGE A. TRAFTON,
BLACKSMITH.

Horse Shoeing in all its branches. Particular attention given to interfering and over-reaching horses.

Ship Work, Carriage and Tool Work of all kinds promptly attended to.

Stone Tool Sharpening a Specialty.

NO. 118 MARKET ST.

THE HERALD.

MINIATURE ALMANAC,
FEBRUARY 11.

SUN RISES.....5:48 MOON SETS...05:57 P. M.
SUN SETS.....05:11 FULL MOON...10:15 P. M.
LENGTH OF DAY...10:29

First Quarter, Feb. 15th, 9h. 57m. morning, E.
Full Moon, Feb. 22d, 10h. 31m. morning, W.
Last Quarter, March 2d, 10h. 31m. morning, E.
New Moon, March 9th, 9h. 57m. evening, W.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

Washington, Feb. 10.—Forecast for New England: Fair Tuesday and Wednesday, rising temperature Wednesday with fresh west winds.

MUSIC HALL BOX OFFICE
HOURS.

Open 7:30 to 9:00 a. m., 12:30 to 2. 5 to 6, and 7 to 8 p. m., three days in advance of each attraction. Tickets may be ordered by calling Telephone No. 21-3.

TUESDAY, FEB. 11, 1902.

CITY BRIEFS.

Tomorrow is Ash Wednesday.

P. A. C. Minstrels March 3d and 4th.

Have your shoes repaired by John Wolf, 34 Congress street.

Office Burns took William Marshall to the county farm at Brentwood this morning.

The thermometer stood nine degrees above zero this morning at seven o'clock.

Shows in Town should attract a large audience to the hall. It is one of the most successful comedians on the road.

Three of the children of Hon. John Hatch of Greenland are all with typhoid fever, the family have the sympathy of the community.

Vesling is having a great boom all over the country and is taking the place of boxing bouts. It combines all the strength, science and endurance that boxing does without the brutality.

Henry Austin Adams, the noted lecturer will appear at Music hall on Sunday evening February 16th, under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus. Admission to all parts of hall 75 cents.

Henry Austin Adams will deliver a lecture at Music hall on Sunday evening, Feb. 16th, on "Faith and Brains." His lecture will be under the auspices of the Portsmouth Council, Knights of Columbus.

The most important bowling game of the season, thus far will be held on Wednesday, evening, at the Recreation Club, between the Boston & Maine R. R. Y. M. C. A. team of Boston, and Buchanan's Portsmouth team.

The Portsmouth Furniture Company has purchased the entire building at 10 W. J. Shugart at 100. The building will be used for the storage of furniture and will be sold at their store on the corner of Deer and Vaughan streets.

This evening the Portsmouth Council, Knights of Columbus, will have a social party at their rooms on Bow street. There will be suitable prizes, also dancing, and a concert will worth hearing will take place. As this is the last party of this kind before the Lenten season there is no doubt as to the good time and the crowd that will attend.

One of the most valuable of the many sporting books published is the "Police Gazette Annual and Pungent Record" for 1902. It has just been issued for this year in a vest pocket size and contains the most important records, which have a bearing upon all branches of sport. The publisher, J. H. L. Smith, of every prominent English and American sporting and hunting magazine, local, national, dates and decisions. This is the best ten cents worth of information ever given.—Valuable Sporting Reference.

At the musical afternoon of the Grafton club, Thursday, February 11, at 1 o'clock at Conservatory hall, the program will be unique and interesting. Scotch, Irish, French, Spanish, German and Italian songs and instrumental music will be rendered to illustrate the force of the different countries. The price of applying to this number of admission is already given to those who are not club members, and a large attendance is anticipated. The program is under the auspices of the music committee, Mrs. Alice H. Owen and Mrs. Helen R. Thayer, and will be executed by the members of the club assisted by Messrs. Leibrock.

KITTERY CASE ON TRIAL.

The last hearing of this term of the Grafton club, Thursday, February 11, at 1 o'clock at Conservatory hall, the program will be unique and interesting. Scotch, Irish, French, Spanish, German and Italian songs and instrumental music will be rendered to illustrate the force of the different countries. The price of applying to this number of admission is already given to those who are not club members, and a large attendance is anticipated. The program is under the auspices of the music committee, Mrs. Alice H. Owen and Mrs. Helen R. Thayer, and will be executed by the members of the club assisted by Messrs. Leibrock.

WATER NOTICE.

All persons who are delinquent in the payment of water rates to January 1, 1902, are hereby notified that on and after February 20, 1902, the water will be shut off from all premises on which the rates are unpaid at that time. This order will be enforced irrespective of persons, and without further notice in writing.

F. J. PHILBRICK,
Supt. Water Works.

ANOTHER CHRISTIAN SCIENCE
SUIT.

One Which Will Divide Interest With
That of the Shaw Case.

Another Christian Science case besides the Shaw case, which will be followed with tully as much interest by followers of that cult and their opponents, is one which has just been begun in Pittsburg Pa., by Mrs. Henrietta Chantreau of Philadelphia, mother of Henry T. Chantreau, the well-known actor who played in Manchester a number of times and who died in Long Branch last year.

Mrs. Chantreau sues the Fidelity Title and Trust company of Pittsburg to compel the company to pay the tuition of her grandson, the actor's child, whom she sent to the Manor school in Stamford, Conn.

The company refuses to pay the tuition on the ground that the school is a Christian Science institution and not a place in which to educate the boy. Said Fidelity Chantreau, the boy's mother, died in Long Branch on June 14, 1887, three weeks after the boy was born. He has since made his home with his grandmother.

The company was entrusted with \$51,000, of which the interest was to go toward providing for the boy. The company refused to pay the first tuition expense of \$300. The grandmother alleges that she has a legal right, with the boy's consent, to place him in any school she desires.

Mrs. Chantreau is the widow of Frank S. Chantreau, who starred in Kit, the Arkansas Traveler, and was herself a well-known actress in her day.

ENJOYABLE DANCING PARTY.

Constitution Circle, Companions of The Forest, Observe Seventh Anniversary.

A dance will be given at the Casino, 100 North Main street, on Wednesday evening, Feb. 13th, for the benefit of the Constitution Circle, Companions of The Forest. The dance will be given at the Casino, 100 North Main street, on Wednesday evening, Feb. 13th, for the benefit of the Constitution Circle, Companions of The Forest.

Floor Marshal Mrs. P. A. McCann, Assistant Floor Marshal, Mrs. Walter Campbell.

Aids, Miss Louise Smith, Miss Bernadette McConr, Miss Margaret Reagan, Miss Mary Welch, Miss Jene Hovey, Miss Margaret Keefe, Committee of arrangements, Mrs. Walter Campbell, chairman, Mrs. P. A. McCann, Mrs. William McConr, Mrs. L. F. Cassidy, Mrs. Thomas Hogan, Mrs. J. J. Blinn, Mrs. R. Ryan, Mrs. L. Ryan, Miss Louise Smith, Miss Mary Welch, Miss Bernadette McConr, Miss Margaret Keefe, Miss Jene Hovey.

The officers of Constitution Circle are:
C. C. Mrs. P. A. McCann
S. C. Mrs. Walter Campbell
J. P. C. C. Mrs. William McConr
R. S. Margaret Keefe
P. S. Roy Donnell
Treasurer, Alice Hahoney
R. G. Margaret Reagan
L. G. Bernadette McConr
U. G. Rose Jones
O. G. Mrs. Alice Cassidy, organist
Trustees, Mrs. Fred Perkins, Jennie Clark, Mary Welch.

CAPITAL OF \$3,000,000.

A Wireless Telegraph Company Organized in Kittery With Big Stock.

The Heterost Wireless Telegraph company was organized in Kittery on Monday and has filed articles of incorporation at the office of the department of state. The capitalization is fixed at \$3,000,000, of which amount \$100,000 is paid in. The par value of a share is \$1.

The promoters are Millard W. Baldwin and Hartley Sagan, Boston, Mass. Ernest L. Chace, Herman R. Paul, Edward P. McLaughlin, Frank Sutton, Sumner Paul, Kittery, Me., Louis H. Trask, Lewiston, N. H., Michael Dunne, Lewiston, Me. is the first company to organize under the general corporation law in this state. The fee paid was \$750.

The Nigenthaler Boston Basket company of Kittery has also made an application at the secretary of state's office for an increase in its capitalization from \$500,000 to \$1,000,000, paying a fee for the increase of \$500. The company was recently organized and the increase in the capitalization was the largest on record.

OBITUARY.

Annie M. Glover.

Annie M., daughter of John F. and Nancy L. Glover died at her home in Kittery on Monday after a brief illness at the age of 37 years. Deceased leaves a sister besides her parents.

Sarah R. Emerson.

The death of Walter Ingersoll Jones, a native of this city and the son of the late W. P. Jones of Portsmouth, occurred at Keene on Saturday last. The funeral was held this Tuesday afternoon from Mount Auburn chapel, Cambridge, Mass., and was attended by relatives from this city.

Perry Randall.

Perry Randall, a native of Portsmouth, who went to South America years ago and made a fortune in Brazil, returning to Portsmouth later and then going to England, has just died in London. He leaves numerous relatives in this city.

Nos. 316, 318, 320 and 322
Warren Street, Boston
Highlands

covered with
MF Roofing Tin
thirty years ago
and good as ever to-day.

Mr. William Donaldson, 690 Blue Hill, Dorchester, Mass., built these houses in 1870 and roofed them with MF. Every roof is as sound today as the day it was put on, although exposed to the sea air, so destructive to tin plate. The extra heavy tinning of MF makes it the most durable roofing made—the only tin that lasts a life time. Trade mark stamped on each sheet. Ask your roofer for MF or write to W. C. CRONMEYER, Agent, Carnegie Building, Pittsburg, for illustrated book on roofing.

AMERICAN TIN PLATE COMPANY, New York.

PERSONALS.

Col. A. F. Howard visited Exeter on Monday.

Mrs. Thomas K. Locke of Woburn, Mass., is visiting relatives in Skowhegan, Me.

Judge of Probate Thomas Leavitt of Exeter was a visitor in town on Monday.

Mrs. John Porter Wells and daughter, Alice of Exeter, were in town today.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Allen of Wintthrop, Mass., are the guests of friends in this city.

Mrs. Annie Hill of State street is visiting her sister, Mrs. Fred Parker the hus of Boston.

Donna Maria, who has been visiting relatives in this city, has returned to his home in Lewiston, Me.

Mr. Richard Mulcahy who has been visiting in New York has returned to his home in this city.

Dr. John Mellen and little son have returned from Gorham, this state, where he was called by the death of his father.

Rev. Thomas Whiteside passed Monday in Dover, attending the meeting of the Dover District Ministerial association.

Frank O'Donnell, of Baltimore, Md., who has been the guest of relatives in Manchester for the past week, is now enroute to his home in Lowell.

The marriage of William L. Allen and Rachel Outchins, both of Christian Shore, will occur at the Pearl street church vestry on Wednesday evening.

The marriage of Capt. Frank Wilhams of Newburyport, Mass., formerly of this city, and Miss Alice Sides will occur on Wednesday at the home of the bride.

The engagement is announced of Miss Elizabeth B. Keisla of Portland, Me., to George Irving Cookins of Portsmouth. Mr. Cookins is employed as prescription clerk at Grace's pharmacy.

Don Frank Jones enjoyed a ride out into the country on Sunday. He is so much improved in health that he makes daily visits to some of the departments at the farm. The entire community will be glad to learn of his continued improvement in health.

POLICE COURT.

This morning at ten o'clock a session of police court was held before Judge Samuel W. Emery, Christopher Gilligan was arraigned first on two complaints, one for an assault on his wife, and the second for using profane language. Mrs. Gilligan was present and testified to the continual abuse she was receiving from Gilligan. On Gilligan's promise to give his wife no more trouble he was given a suspended sentence of thirty days in jail. On the second complaint Gilligan was discharged.

The next to be arraigned was Philip Lambert of York, who was arrested yesterday afternoon in a drunken condition. Lambert had been endeavoring to pick up a fight with some of the men about the waiting room. To the charge of drunkenness he pleaded guilty and was fined \$5 and costs of \$5.50.

Fred Dion was arraigned charged with being drunk on Cores street yesterday. He too, pleaded guilty and was fined \$5 and costs of \$5.50.

The case of William Marshall was continued Monday noon immediately after the conclusion of the hearing of Miss Ada White and Lewis Martin was present with his witness who testified as to Marshall putting his fist through the glass. Marshall was found guilty of breaking the glass and fined \$2 and costs of \$5.50. He was also fined \$3 and costs of \$6.13 for drunkenness.

The Herald has early news.

CHINESE SOCIAL.

On Monday evening the Standard Bazaar, a missionary society conducted with the Methodist church, gave a very pretty and unique social to the members and friends of this organization at the church vestry on State street. The social was conducted on a Chinese plan and the menu of the society was a feast of "Chinese style and of all colors." There was red, blue, purple, yellow, in fact every color that could be thought of, some being figured and some being plain. The ladies wore kichies and white gishes. The vestry was beautifully decorated with Japanese lanterns and presented a very pretty appearance. Chinese rules of etiquette were observed as follows:

Gentlemen carry fans and do not remove hats.

Ladies carry fans and remove hats and gloves.

Raise glasses in addressing others. Do not shake hands with another. Shake your own hands clapping them together in front of you and bowing politely say:

"Have you eaten your rice, honorable lady?"

"I have eaten full, has the honorable gentleman also eat-a rice?"

Boys and girls courtesy instead of bowing.

In talking, depreciate yourself and your relatives are all things using such words as "poor," "petty," "unworthy," "mean," "cheap," "humble," "insignificant" in speaking of another's belongings, on the contrary, use such words as "venerable," "honorable," "precious," "illustrious," etc.

Unless married, ladies must not address gentlemen under forty years of age.

Ladies addressed by gentlemen let their eyes fall modestly to the floor, hiding the face behind the fan.

Hold both chopsticks in the right hand, one above the other, grasping them between the thumb and fingers, keeping the lower one stationary, moving the upper one something as a pen handle is moved in writing.

Each serves his neighbor with his chopsticks.

In taking up the food do not use fingers at all.

Fans and receive dishes with both hands.

Do not eat until you have offered your food to those around you.

In eating rice or vermicelli, hold dish near mouth.

Use superlative language in praising food, say:

"Truly this tea has a most delicious flavor."

"Truly this rice is ten parts good. It must be the most expensive in the market."

"Truly, the greatest amount of money has been spent on us."

In patting, back away from your friend, each bowing continuously, say repeatedly: "I go, I go," "slowly walk, slowly walk," "come again, come again," "I'm gone, I'm gone."

COMING.

The Village Postmaster.

We are glad to announce that arrangements have just been made to bring the famous New England play, The Village Postmaster, to this theatre at an early date. The production will be given exactly as during the long runs of 227 nights in New York and 125 nights in Chicago, all the special scenery and valuable properties of this production being carried with the company.

The Village Postmaster is without doubt the most successful of all rural plays. It is filled with the very brightest and best comedy, with little touches of pathos here and there, and the Chicago Inter-Ocean of Monday, May 20th, 1901, said: "It outclasses all the other country plays put together."

Due notice will be given of the exact date of this fine production.

ARRESTED FOR FIGHTING.

Late Monday afternoon Assistant Marshal West was called to the P. K. and Y. ferry landing where two Frenchmen from York were having a fist fight. Both men were taken to the station house where upon being searched two quarts of rum was found.

HIS HAIR HELD HIM.

Fell Asleep With His Locks in a Puddle That Turned to Ice.

A York farmer came to Portsmouth one day last week with a load of eggs and carried back a load of peaches. He humped up on the seat after he had crossed Portsmouth bridge, and after the old horse had dragged him over quite a distance on the Post road, he fell off the seat and rolling over went fast asleep in the roadway with his long hair in a mud puddle.

It froze up pretty solid during the night and early in the morning the farmer commenced to "come out of it" and attempted to get on his feet. He made a move to lift his head and came near scalping himself. His hair had become fast in the ice and there was no way to move it except when he struck the ground hours before, when he fell from his wagon seat.

Fortunately some of the York people who work in this city and who drive linearly happened to come along and discovered the farmer with one end of his hair rooted in the ice as firmly as the other end was rooted in his scalp. The men broke the ice and released the benumbed farmer and brought him back to the city, where he was thawed out and no bad effects are indicated.

THE CLIMBERS.

Local theatre goers will be interested in the first appearance in this city of Miss Amelia Dingham, a very young climber at Shush hall on Feb. 17th. This brilliant play of social life is considered to be Mr. Clyde Fitch's greatest contribution to present day stage literature and so successful was its presentation that it ran at the Bijou theatre, New York for 260 nights.

Mr. Fitch's play treats of society and the aspirations of its members. The temptations which beset some women in the world commonly alluded to as that of the "400," the disappointment, arising from unequal marriages, and the nobility of some natures which contrive to hold fast to their high ideals although they have been disillusioned by incontrovertible fact are trenchantly set forth. Every character in the play reaches up for something. Mrs. Hunter and her youngest daughter, for so far prominence, her son-in-law, Richard Sterling, for wealth through well chosen manipulations, and her daughter, Blanche Sterling, for happiness and high ideals.

At the time of her father's death Mrs. Sterling learns that her husband is connected with dishonest money dealings. She makes heroic efforts to save him assisted by a staunch friend of the family, Edward Ward. Love develops between Mrs. Sterling and the latter, but notwithstanding the fact that her husband's complete bankruptcy has killed her love for him she conquers that felt by her for his friend, Warder.

GOING TO DOVER.

A delegation of twenty members of Olivet commandery, Knights of Malta, No. 296, will pay a visit to Valetta commandery of Dover this evening. Supreme Commande, George S. Jones of this organization in America is to be present and make an official visit to the Dover commandery and a fine time is assured.

On March 18, Commander Jones is to be present in this city at the installation of the Olivet commandery. This event is looked forward to with much anticipation by the members of the local lodge.

BEGINS TO LOOK LIKE BUSINESS.

The White Mountain Paper company has leased the new house of A. Coburn Hoyt on Northwest street for the use of the foreman who will have charge of the erection of the new paper mill. Several bams have also been leased in the vicinity for the stabling of a large number of horses and the houses have been canvassed for available boarding places for the men. It is rumored that the contract for the new mill has been let to a party by the name of Fosburg.

Brown will arrive in Town Thursday, Feb. 13th.

Tonight

Just before retiring, if your liver is sluggish, out of tune and you feel dull bilious, constipated, take a dose of

Hood's Pills

And you'll be all right in the morning.

Rummage Sale.

THE UNIVERSALIST PARISH

INVITE THE PUBLIC TO A
RUMMAGE SALE AT
No. 7 Daniel Street,
TO OPEN
Tuesday, Feb. 11th Inst.,
At 9 O'clock in For noon,
and Continue Two Days

Admission a priority to obtain desirable articles at a low cost price.

Aunt Jerusha's Quilting Party

AND SALE

Under the auspices of the King's Daughters' committee with the Middle Church and North Church.

Philbrick's Hall, Feb. 22d.

Admission a priority to obtain desirable articles at a low cost price.

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Principle New Writing Visible Speed Increased Touch Elastic Automatic Conventions

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LOW PRICES.

Many people shout Low Prices. The price is no low—so is the quality of the goods. We say low prices and we back up the statement with a good strong reason. We can make the best clothing—make it as well as it can be made—at low prices, because our expenses are light and we have many patrons. There is no use throwing money away. There is no use paying any more for perfection than you have to. We will be glad to see you at any time.

HAUGH, LADIES' AND GENTS TAILOR 20 High Street.

Old Furniture Made New.

Why don't you send some of your badly worn upholstered furniture to Robert H. Hall and have it re-upholstered? It will cost but little.

Manufacturer of All Kinds of Cushions and Coverings.

R. H. HALL

Kanover Street. Near Market.

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Buy Now!

We just received a new lot of Buggies of all descriptions, Milk Wagons, Steam Laundry Wagons, Store Wagons and Stanhope Carriages. Also a large line of new and second-hand Harnesses, Single and Double, Heavy and Light, and I will sell them at Very Low Prices. Just drop around and look at them even if you do not want to buy.

THOMAS McCUE.

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